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LOVE IN THE HILLS.

Out of Loubaix to Charleroi
  The way is through the wood;
The wind blows through the yellow corn,
  A clean hill-wind and good.

Out of Loubaix to Charleroi
  The railroads wind and wind
Between the pine-woods and the rocks,
  And Barrin bright behind.

The scarlet of the corn-poppies
  Splashes the yellow field;
The broad white sunshine of the South
  Shines on the glowing weald.

The old stone castles on the hills
  Look out with blinded eyes,
They have no more besiegers now
  Save the white butterflies.

A green land, a grey land,
  A golden land and sweet,
Where Love sits by the wayside pools
  Dabbling his naked feet.

Ethel Talbot Scheffauer.

The Academy.

THE BALLAD OF SIR BORS.

Would I could win some quiet and rest, and a little ease,
In the cool grey hush of the dusk, in the dim green place of the trees,
Where the birds are singing, singing, singing, crying aloud
The song of the red, red rose that blossoms beyond the seas.

Would I could see it, the rose, when the light begins to fail,
And a lone white star in the West is glimmering on the mail;
The red, red passionate rose of the sacred blood of the Christ,
In the shining chalice of God, the cup of the Holy Grail.

The dusk comes gathering grey, and the darkness dims the West,
The oxen low to the byre, and all bells ring to rest;
But I ride over the moors, for the dusk still bides and waits,
That brims my soul with the glow of the rose that ends the Quest.

My horse is spavined and ribbed, and his bones come through his hide,
My sword is rotten with rust, but I shake the reins and ride,
For the bright white birds of God that nest in the rose have called,
And never a township now is a town where I can bide.

It will happen at last, at dusk, as my horse limps down the fell,
A star will glow like a note God strikes on a silver bell,
And the bright white birds of God will carry my soul to Christ,
And the sight of the Rose, the Rose, will pay for the years of hell.

John Masefield.

NOCTURN.

"The air is dark and sweet
  This wet Spring night—
Spring, of the wandering feet,
  The secret flight,
Calls through the slow, soft rain—
  O voice of gold!
Call for me once again,
  As oft of old.

"The darkness sighs and stirs,
  Blind, blind and slow;
Night-wandering loiterers,
  The veiled airs go;
Mutes of the hidden spell,
  The hidden power,
These—but my heart knows well
  Its magic hour. . . .

"My heart's one festival,
  O, far or near,
The Spring could never call,
  And I not hear;
Deep under graveyard grass,
  It could not be,
The spring could never pass,
  And I not see. . . .

"My heart, my heart would break
  Could it be so—
To think that Spring should wake
  And I not know."

Rosamond Marriott Watson.

GREAT BRITAIN AND THE NEXT WAR.

I am a member of the Anglo-German Society for the improvement of the relations between the two countries, and I have never seriously believed in the German menace. Frequently I have found myself alone in a company of educated Englishmen in my opinion that it was non-existent—or at worst greatly exaggerated. This conclusion was formed upon two grounds. The first was, that I knew it to be impossible that we could attack Germany save in the face of monstrous provocation. By the conditions of our government, even if those in high places desired to do such a thing, it was utterly impracticable, for a foreign war could not be successfully carried on by Great Britain unless the overwhelming majority of the people approved of it. Our foreign, like our home, politics are governed by the vote of the proletariat. It would be impossible to wage an aggressive war against any Power if the public were not convinced of its justice and necessity. For this reason we could not attack Germany. On the other hand, it seemed to be equally unthinkable that Germany should attack us. One fails to see what she could possibly hope to gain by such a proceeding. She had enemies already upon her eastern and western frontiers, and it was surely unlikely that she would go out of her way to pick a quarrel with the powerful British Empire. If she made war and lost it, her commerce would be set back and her rising colonial empire destroyed. If she won it, it was difficult to see where she could hope for the spoils. We could not give her greater facilities for trade than she has already. We could not give her habitable white colonies, for she would find it impossible to take possession of them in the face of the opposition of the inhabitants. An indemnity she could never force from us. Some coaling stations and possibly some tropical colonies, of which latter she already possesses abundance, were the most that she could hope for. Would such a prize as that be worth the risk attending such a war? To me it seemed that there could be only one answer to such a question.

It still seems to me that this reasoning is sound. I still think that it would be an insane action for Germany to deliberately plan an attack upon Great Britain. But unfortunately an attack delivered from mistaken motives is as damaging as any other attack, and the mischief is done before the insanity of it is realized. If I now believe such an attack to be possible, and it may be imminent, it is because I have been studying "Germany and the Next War," by General von Bernhardi.

A book written by such a man cannot be set aside as the mere ravings of a Pan-Germanic Anglophobe. So far as appears, he is not a Pan-German at all. There is no allusion to that Germania *irredente* which is the dream of that party. He is a man of note, and the first living authority in Germany upon some matters of military science. Does he carry the same weight when he writes of international politics and the actual use of those mighty forces which he has helped to form? We will hope not. But when a man speaks with the highest authority upon one subject, his voice cannot be entirely disregarded upon a kindred one. Besides, he continually labors, and with success, to make the reader understand that he is the direct modern disciple of that main German line of thought which traces from Frederic

through Bismarck to the present day. He moves in circles which actually control the actions of their country in a manner to which we have no equivalent. For all these reasons, his views cannot be lightly set aside, and should be most carefully studied by Britons. We know that we have no wish for war, and desire only to be left alone. Unfortunately, it takes two to make peace, even as it takes two to make a quarrel. There is a very clear statement here that the quarrel is imminent, and that we must think of the means, military, naval, and financial, by which we may meet it. Since von Bernhardi's book may not be accessible to every reader of this article, I will begin by giving some idea of the situation as it appears to him, and of the course of action which he foreshadows and recommends.

He begins his argument by the uncompromising statement that war is a good thing in itself. All advance is founded upon struggle. Each nation has a right, and indeed a duty, to use violence where its interests are concerned and there is a tolerable hope of success. As to the obvious objection that such a doctrine bears no possible relation to Christianity, he is not prepared to admit the validity of the Christian ethics in international practice. In an ingenious passage he even attempts to bring the sanction of Christianity to support his bellicose views. He says:—

"Again, from the Christian standpoint, we arrive at the same conclusion. Christian morality is based, indeed, on the law of love. 'Love God above all things, and thy neighbor as thyself.' This law can claim no significance for the relations of one country to another, since its application to politics would lead to a conflict of duties. The love which a man showed to another country as such would imply a want of love for his own countrymen. Such a system of politics must inevitably lead men astray. Christian morality is personal and social, and in its nature cannot be political. Its object is to promote morality of the individual, in order to strengthen him to work unselfishly in the interests of the community. It tells us to love our individual enemies, but does not remove the conception of enmity."

Having thus established the general thesis that a nation should not hesitate to declare war where a material advantage may be the reward, he sets out very clearly what are some of the causes for war which Germany can see before her. The following passages throw a light upon them:—

"Strong, healthy and flourishing nations increase in numbers. From a given moment they require a continual expansion of their frontiers, they require new territory for the accommodation of their surplus population. Since almost every part of the globe is inhabited, new territory must, as a rule, be obtained at the cost of its possessors—that is to say, by conquest, which thus becomes a law of necessity."

Again:—

"Lastly, in all times the right of conquest by war has been admitted. It may be that a growing people cannot win colonies from uncivilized races, and yet the State wishes to retain the surplus population which the mother country can no longer feed. Then the only course left is to acquire the necessary territory by war. Thus the instinct of self-preservation leads inevitably to war, and the conquest of foreign soil. It is not the possessor, but the victor, who then has the right."

And he concludes:—

"Arbitration must be peculiarly detrimental to an aspiring people, which has not yet reached its political and national zenith, and is bent on expanding its power in order to play its part honorably in the civilized world."

And adds:—

"It must be borne in mind that a

peaceful decision by an arbitration court can never replace in its effects and consequences a warlike decision, even as regards the State in whose favor it is pronounced."

To many of us it would seem a legitimate extension of the author's argument if we said that it would have a virile and bracing effect upon our characters if, when we had a grievance against our neighbor, we refrained from taking it into the law courts, but contented ourselves with breaking his head with a club. However, we are concerned here not so much with the validity of the German general's arguments as with their practical application so far as they affect ourselves.

Brushing aside the peace advocates, the writer continues: "To such views, the offspring of a false humanity, the clear and definite answer must be made that, under certain circumstances, it is not only the right, but the moral and political duty of the statesman to bring about a war. The acts of the State cannot be judged by the standard of individual morality." He quotes Treitschke: "The Christian duty of sacrifice for something higher does not exist for the State, for there is nothing higher than it in the world's history—consequently it cannot sacrifice itself to something higher." One would have hoped that a noble ideal and a moral purpose were something higher, but it would be vain to claim that any country, ourselves included, has ever yet lived fully up to the doctrine. And yet some conscious striving, however imperfect, is surely better than such a deliberate negation.

Having laid down these general propositions of the value of war, and of the non-existence of international moral obligations, General von Bernhardi then proceeds to consider very fully the general position of Germany and the practical application of those doctrines. Within the limits of this article I can only give a general survey of the situation as seen by him. War is necessary for Germany. It should be waged as soon as is feasible, as certain factors in the situation tell in favor of her enemies. The chief of these factors are the reconstruction of the Russian fleet, which will be accomplished within a few years, and the preparation of a French native colonial force, which would be available for European hostilities. This also, though already undertaken, will take some years to perfect. Therefore, the immediate future is Germany's best opportunity.

In this war Germany places small confidence in Italy as an ally, since her interests are largely divergent, but she assumes complete solidarity with Austria. Austria and Germany have to reckon with France and Russia. Russia is slow in her movements, and Germany with her rapid mobilization, should be able to throw herself upon France without fear of her rear. Should she win a brilliant victory at the outset, Russia might refuse to compromise herself at all, especially if the quarrel could be so arranged that it would seem as if France had been the aggressor. Before the slow Slavonic mind had quite understood the situation and set her unwieldy strength in motion, her ally might be struck down, and she face to face with the two Germanic Powers, which would be more than a match for her.

Of the German army, which is to be the instrument of this world-drama, General von Bernhardi expresses the highest opinion: "The spirit which animates the troops, the ardor of attack, the heroism, the loyalty which prevail among them, justify the highest expectations. I am certain that if they are soon to be summoned to arms their exploits will astonish the world, provided only that they are

led with skill and determination." How their "ardor of attack" has been tested it is difficult to see, but the world will probably agree that the German army is a most formidable force. When he goes on, however, to express the opinion that they would certainly overcome the French, the two armies being approximately of the same strength, it is not so easy to follow his argument. It is possible that even so high an authority as General von Bernhardi has not entirely appreciated how Germany has been the teacher of the world in military matters and how thoroughly her pupils have responded to that teaching. That attention to detail, perfection of arrangement for mobilization and careful preparation which have won German victories in the past may now be turned against her, and she may find that others can equal her in her own virtues.

Poor France, once conquered, is to be very harshly treated. Here is the passage which describes her fate:—

"In one way or another *we must square our account with France* if we wish for a free hand in our international policy. This is the first and foremost condition of a sound German policy, and since the hostility of France once for all cannot be removed by peaceful overtures, the matter must be settled by force of arms. France must be so completely crushed that she can never again come across our path."

It is not said how Germany could permanently extinguish France, and it is difficult to think it out. An indemnity, however large, would eventually be paid and France recover herself. Germany has found the half-German border provinces which she annexed so indigestible that she could hardly incorporate Champagne or any other purely French district. Italy might absorb some of Savoy and the French Riviera. If the country were artificially separated the various parts would fly together again at the first opportunity. Altogether the permanent sterilization of France would be no easy matter to effect. It would probably be attempted by imposing the condition that in future no army, save for police duties, would be allowed. The history of Prussia itself, however, shows that even so stringent a prohibition as this can be evaded by a conquered but indomitable people.

Let us now turn to General von Bernhardi's views upon ourselves, and, first of all, it is of interest to many of us to know what are those historical episodes which have caused him and many of his fellow-countrymen to take bitter exception to our national record. From our point of view we have repeatedly helped Germany in the past, and have asked for and received no other reward than the consciousness of having co-operated in some common cause. So it was in Marlborough's days. So in the days of Frederic. So also in those of Napoleon. To all these ties, which had seemed to us to be of importance, there is not a single allusion in this volume. On the other hand, there are very bitter references to some other historical events which must seem to us strangely inadequate as a cause for international hatred.

We may, indeed, congratulate ourselves as a nation, if no stronger indictment can be made against us than is contained in the book of the German general. The first episode upon which he animadverts is the ancient German grievance of the abandonment of Frederic the Great by England in the year 1761. One would have thought that there was some statute of limitations in such matters, but apparently there is none in the German mind. Let us grant that the premature cessation of a campaign is an injustice to one's associates, and let us admit also that a British Government under its party

system can never be an absolutely stable ally. Having said so much, one may point out that there were several mitigating circumstances in this affair. We had fought for five years, granting considerable subsidies to Frederic during that time, and despatching British armies into the heart of Germany. The strain was very great, in a quarrel which did not vitally affect ourselves. The British nation had taken the view, not wholly unreasonably, that the war was being waged in the interests of Hanover, and upon a German rather than a British quarrel. When we stood out France did the same, so that the balance of power between the combatants was not greatly affected. Also, it may be pointed out as a curious historical fact that this treatment which he so much resented was exactly that which Frederic had himself accorded to his allies some years before at the close of the Silesian campaign. On that occasion he made an isolated peace with Maria Theresa, and left his associates, France and Bavaria, to meet the full force of the Austrian attack.

Finally, the whole episode has to be judged by the words of a modern writer: "Conditions may arise which are more powerful than the most honorable intentions. The country's own interests—considered, of course, in the highest ethical sense—must then turn the scale." These sentences are not from the work of a British apologist, but from this very book of von Bernhardi's which scolds England for her supposed adherence to such principles. He also quotes, with approval, Treitschke's words: "Frederic the Great was all his life long charged with treachery because no treaty or alliance could ever induce him to renounce the right of free self-determination."

Setting aside this ancient grievance of the Seven Years' War, it is of interest to endeavor to find out whether there are any other solid grounds in the past for Germany's reprobation. Two more historical instances are held up as examples of our perfidy. The first is the bombardment of Copenhagen in 1807, when the British took forcible possession in time of peace of the Danish fleet. It must be admitted that the step was an extreme one, and only to be justified upon the plea of absolute necessity for vital national reasons. The British Government of the day believed that Napoleon was about to possess himself of the Danish fleet and would use it against themselves. Fouché has admitted in his Memoirs that the right was indeed given by a secret clause in the Treaty of Tilsit. It was a desperate time, when the strongest measures were continually being used against us, and it may be urged that similar measures were necessary in self-defence. Having once embarked upon the enterprise, and our demand being refused, there was no alternative but a bombardment of the city with its attendant loss of civilian life. It is not an exploit of which we need be proud, and at the best can only be described as a most painful and unfortunate necessity, but I should be surprised if the Danes, on looking back to it, judge it more harshly than some more recent experiences which they have had at the hands of General von Bernhardi's own fellow-countrymen. That he is himself prepared to launch upon a similar enterprise in a much larger and more questionable shape is shown by his declaration that if Holland will not take sides against England in the next war it should be overrun by the German troops.

General von Bernhardi's next historical charge is the bombardment of Alexandria in 1882, which he describes as having been effected upon

hypocritical pretences in a season of peace. To those who have a recollection of that event and can recall the anti-European movement of Arabi and the massacre which preceded the bombardment, the charge will appear grotesque. But it is with a patchwork quilt of this sort that this German publicist endeavors to cover the unreasoning, but none the less formidable, jealousy and prejudice which inflame him against this country. The foolish fiction that the British Government declared war against the Boers in order to gain possession of their gold mines is again brought forward, though one would have imagined that even the gutter-Press who exploited it twelve years ago had abandoned it by now. If General von Bernhardi can explain how the British Government is the richer for these mines, or whether a single foreign shareholder has been dispossessed of his stock in them, he will be the first who has ever given a solid fact in favor of this ridiculous charge. In a previous paragraph of his book he declares that it was President Kruger who made the war and that he was praiseworthy for so doing. Both statements cannot be true. If it was President Kruger who made the war, then it was not forced on by Great Britain in order to possess herself of the goldfields.

So much for the specific allegations against Great Britain. One can hardly regard them as being so serious as to wipe out the various claims, racial, religious and historical, which unite the two countries. However, we are only concerned with General von Bernhardi's conclusions, since he declares that his country is prepared to act upon them. There remain two general grounds upon which he considers that Germany should make war upon the British Empire. The first is to act as the champion of the human race in winning what he calls the freedom of the seas. The second is to further German expansion as a world-Power, which is cramped by our opposition.

The first of these reasons is difficult to appreciate. British maritime power has been used to insure, not to destroy, the freedom of the seas. What smallest Power has ever been hindered in her legitimate business? It is only the pirate, the slaver and the gun-runner who can justly utter such a reproach. If the mere fact of having predominant latent strength upon the water is an encroachment upon the freedom of the sea, then some nation must always be guilty of it. After our mild supremacy we may well say to Germany, as Charles said to James: "No one will assassinate me in order to put you upon the throne." Her mandate is unendorsed by those whom she claims to represent.

But the second indictment is more formidable. We lie athwart Germany's world ambitions, even as, geographically, we lie across her outlets. But when closely looked at, what is it of which we deprive her, and is its attainment really a matter of such vital importance? Do we hamper her trade? On the contrary, we exhibit a generosity which meets with no acknowledgment, and which many of us have long held to be altogether excessive. Her manufactured goods are welcomed in without a tax, while ours are held out from Germany by a twenty per cent tariff. In India, Egypt and every colony which does not directly control its own financial policy, German goods come in upon the same footing as our own. No successful war can improve her position in this respect. There is, however, the question of colonial expansion. General von Bernhardi foresees that Germany is increasing her population at such a pace that emigration will be needed soon in order to relieve it. It is a perfectly natural national ambition that

this emigration should be to some place where the settlers need not lose their flag or nationality. But if Great Britain were out of the way, where would they find such a place? Not in Canada, Australia, South Africa, or New Zealand. These States could not be conquered if the Motherland had ceased to exist. General von Bernhardi talks of the high lands of Africa, but already Germany possesses high lands in Africa, and their colonization has not been a success. Can anyone name one single place upon the earth's surface suitable for white habitation from which Germany is excluded by the existence of Great Britain? It is true that the huge continent of South America is only sparsely inhabited, its whole population being about equal to that of Prussia. But that is an affair in which the United States, and not we, are primarily interested, and one which it is not our interest either to oppose or to support.

But, however inadequate all these reasons for war may seem to a Briton, one has still to remember that we have to reckon with the conclusions exactly as if they were drawn from the most logical premises. These conclusions appear in such sentences as follows:—

"What we now wish to attain must be fought for and won against a superior force of hostile interests and Powers."

"Since the struggle is necessary and inevitable, we must fight it out, cost what it may."

"A pacific agreement with England is a will-o'-the-wisp, which no serious German statesman would trouble to follow. We must always keep the possibility of war with England before our eyes and arrange our political and military plans accordingly. We need not concern ourselves with any pacific protestations of English politicians, publicists and Utopians, which cannot alter the real basis of affairs."

"The situation in the world generally shows there can only be a short respite before we once more face the question whether we will draw the sword for our position in the world or renounce such position once for all. We must not in any case wait until our opponents have completed their arming and decide that the hour of attack has come."

"Even English attempts at a *rapprochement* must not blind us to the real situation. We may at most use them to delay the necessary and inevitable war until we may fairly imagine we have some prospect of success."

This last sentence must come home to some of us who have worked in the past for a better feeling between the two countries. And this is the man who dares to accuse *us* of national perfidy.

These extracts are but a few from a long series which show beyond all manner of doubt that Germany, so far as General von Bernhardi is an exponent of her intentions, will undoubtedly attack us suddenly should she see an opportunity. The first intimation of such an attack would, as he indicates, be a torpedo descent upon our Fleet, and a wireless message to German liners which would bring up their concealed guns, and turn each of them into a fast cruiser ready to prey upon our commerce. That is the situation as he depicts it. It may be that he mistakes it. But for what it is worth, that is his opinion and advice.

He sketches out the general lines of a war between England and Germany. If France is involved, she is to be annihilated, as already described. But suppose the two rivals are left face to face. Holland and Denmark are to be bound over to the German side

under pain of conquest. The German Fleet is to be held back under the protection of the land forts. Meanwhile, torpedoes, submarines and airships are to be used for the gradual whittling down of the blockading squadrons. When they have been sufficiently weakened, the Fleet is to sally out and the day has arrived. As to the chances of success, he is of opinion that in material and *personnel* the two fleets may be taken as being equal—when once the numbers have been equalized. In quality of guns, he considers that the Germans have the advantage. Of gunnery he does not speak, but he believes that in torpedo work his countrymen are ahead of any others. In airships, which for *reconnaissance*, if not for actual fighting power, will be of supreme importance, he considers also that his country will have a considerable advantage.

Such, in condensed form, is the general thesis and forecast of this famous German officer. If it be true, there are evil days coming both for his country and for ours. One may find some consolation in the discovery that wherever he attempts to fathom our feelings he makes the most lamentable blunders. He lays it down as an axiom, for example, that if we were hard-pressed the Colonies would take the opportunity of abandoning us. We know, on the other hand, that it is just such a situation which would bring about the federation of the Empire. He is under the delusion also that there is deep commercial and political jealousy of the United States in this country, and that this might very well culminate in war. We are aware that there is no such feeling, and that next to holding the trident ourselves we should wish to see it in the hands of our American cousins. One thing he says, however, which is supremely true, which all of us would endorse, and which every German should ponder: it is that the idea of a war between Germany and ourselves never entered into the thoughts of anyone in this country until the year 1902. Why this particular year? Had the feeling risen from commercial jealousy upon the part of Great Britain it must have shown itself far earlier than that—as early as the "Made in Germany" enactment. It appeared in 1902 because that was the close of the Boer War, and because the bitter hostility shown by the Germans in that war opened our eyes to the fact that they would do us a mischief if they could. When the German Navy Act of 1900 gave promise that they would soon have the means of doing so, the first thoughts of danger arose, and German policy drove us more and more into the ranks of their opponents. Here, then, General von Bernhardi is right; but in nearly every other reference to our feelings and views he is wrong; so that it is to be hoped that in those matters in which we are unable to check him, such as the course of German thought and of German action in the future, he is equally mistaken. But I repeat that he is a man of standing and reputation, and that we should be mad if we did not take most serious notice of the opinions which he has laid down.

I have headed this article "Great Britain and the Next War" since it looks at the arguments and problems which General von Bernhardi has raised in his "Germany and the Next War" from the British point of view. May it prove that the title is an absurdity and the war an imaginative hypothesis. But I should wish, before I close, to devote a few pages to my view upon the defensive measures of our country. I am well aware that I speak with no expert authority, which makes it the more embarrassing that my opinions do not coincide with those of anyone whom I have encountered

in this controversy. Still, it is better to be a voice, however small, than an echo.

It would simplify the argument if we began by eliminating certain factors which, in my opinion, simply darken counsel, as they are continually brought into the front of the question to the exclusion of the real issues which lie behind them. One of them is the supposed possibility of an invasion—either on a large scale or in the form of a raid. The former has been pronounced by our highest naval authorities of the time as being impossible, and I do not think anyone can read the Wilson Memorandum without being convinced by its condensed logic. Von Bernhardi, in his chapter upon the possible methods of injuring Great Britain, though he treats the whole subject with the greatest frankness, dismisses the idea either of raid or invasion in a few short sentences. The raid seems to me the less tenable hypothesis of the two. An invasion would, at least, play for a final stake, though at a deadly risk. A raid would be a certain loss of a body of troops, which would necessarily be the flower of the army; it could hope to bring about no possible permanent effect upon the war, and it would upset the balance of military power between Germany and her neighbors. If Germany were an island, like ourselves, she might risk such a venture. Sandwiched in between two armed nations as strong as herself, I do not believe that there is the slightest possibility of it.

Bnt if, as von Bernhardi says, such plans are visionary, what is the exact object of a Territorial Army, and, even more, what would be the object of a National Service Army upon compulsory lines for home defence? Is it not a waste of money and energy which might be more profitably employed in some other form? Everyone has such an affection and esteem for Lord Roberts—especially if one has the honor of his personal acquaintance—that one shrinks from expressing a view which might be unwelcome to him. And yet he would be the first to admit that it is one's duty to add one's opinion to the debate, if that opinion has been conscientiously formed, and if one honestly believes that it recommends the best course of action for one's country. So far as his argument for universal service is based upon national health and physique, I think he is on ground which no one could attack. But I cannot bring myself to believe that a case has been made out for the substitution of an enforced soldier in the place of the volunteer who has always done so splendidly in the past. Great as is Lord Roberts' experience, he is talking here of a thing which is outside it, for he has never seen an enforced British soldier, and has, therefore, no data by which he can tell how such a man would compare with the present article. There were enforced British sailors once, and I have seen figures quoted to show that of 29,000 who were impressed 27,000 escaped from the Fleet by desertion. It is not such men as these who win our battles.

The argument for enforced service is based upon the plea that the Territorial Army is below strength in numbers and deficient in quality. But if invasion is excluded from our calculations this is of less importance. The force becomes a nursery for the Army, which has other reserves to draw upon before it reaches it. Experience has shown that under warlike excitement in a virile nation like ours, the ranks soon fill up, and as the force becomes embodied from the outbreak of hostilities, it would rapidly improve in quality. It is idle to assert that because Bulgaria can, in a day, flood her troops into Turkey. therefore we

should always stand to arms. The Turko-Bulgarian frontier is a line of posts—the Anglo-German is a hundred leagues of salt water.

But am I such an optimist as to say that there is no danger of a German war? On the contrary, I consider that there is a vast danger, that it is one which we ignore, and against which we could at a small cost effect a complete insurance. Let me try to define both the danger and the remedy. In order to do this we must consider the two different forms which such a war might take. It might be a single duel, or it might be with France as our ally. If Germany attacked Great Britain alone, it may safely be prophesied that the war would be long, tedious, and possibly inconclusive, but our *rôle* would be a comparatively passive one. If she attacked France, however, that *rôle* would be much more active, since we could not let France go down, and to give her effective help we must land an expeditionary force upon the Continent. This force has to be supplied with munitions of war and kept up to strength, and so the whole problem becomes a more complex one.

The element of danger, which is serious in either form of war, but more serious in the latter, is the existence of new forms of naval warfare which have never been tested in the hands of competent men, and which may completely revolutionize the conditions. These new factors are the submarine and the airship. The latter, save as a means of acquiring information, does not seem to be formidable—or not sufficiently formidable to alter the whole conditions of a campaign. Bnt it is different with the submarines. No blockade, so far as I can see, can hold these vessels in harbor, and no skill or bravery can counteract their attack when once they are within striking distance. One could imagine a state of things when it might be found impossible for the greater ships on either side to keep the seas on account of these poisonous craft. No one can say that such a contingency is impossible. Let us see, then, how it would affect us if it should come to pass.

In the first place, it would not affect us at all as regards invasion or raids. If the German submarines can dominate our own large ships, our submarines can do the same for theirs. We should still hold the seas with our small craft. Therefore, if Great Britain alone be at war with Germany, such a naval revolution would merely affect our commerce and food supply. What exact effect a swarm of submarines, lying off the mouth of the Channel and the Irish Sea, would produce upon the victualling of these islands is a problem which is beyond my conjecture. Other ships besides the British would be likely to be destroyed, and international complications would probably follow. I cannot imagine that such a fleet would entirely, or even to a very large extent, cut off our supplies. But it is certain that they would have the effect of considerably raising the price of whatever did reach us. Therefore, we should suffer privation, though not necessarily such privation as would compel us to make terms. From the beginning of the war, every home source would naturally be encouraged, and it is possible that before our external supplies were seriously decreased, our internal ones might be well on the way to make up the deficiency. Both of the two great protagonists—Lord Haldane and Lord Roberts—have declared that if we lost the command of the seas we should have to make peace. Their reference, however, was to complete naval defeat (and not to such a condition of stalemate as seems to be the more possible alternative. As to com-

plete naval defeat, our estimates, and the grand loyalty of the Overseas Dominions, seem to be amply adequate to guard against that. It is useless to try to alarm us by counting in the whole force of the Triple Alliance as our possible foes, for if they came into the war, the forces of our own allies would also be available. We need only think of Germany.

A predominance of the submarine would, then, merely involve a period of hard times in this country, if we were fighting Germany single-handed. But if we were in alliance with France, it becomes an infinitely more important matter. I presume that I need not argue the point that it is our vital interest that France be not dismembered and sterilized. Such a tragedy would turn the western half of Europe into a gigantic Germany with a few insignificant States crouching about her feet. The period of her world dominance would then indeed have arrived. Therefore, if France be wantonly attacked, we must strain every nerve to prevent her going down, and among the measures to that end will be the sending of a British expeditionary force to cover the left or Belgian wing of the French defences. Such a force would be conveyed across the Channel in perhaps a hundred troopships, and would entail a constant service of transports afterwards to carry its requirements.

Here lies, as it seems to me, the possible material for a great national disaster. Such a fleet of transports cannot be rushed suddenly across. Its preparation and port of departure are known. A single submarine amid such a fleet would be like a fox in a poultry yard, destroying victim after victim. The possibilities are appalling, for it might be not one submarine, but a squadron. The terrified transports would scatter over the ocean to find safety in any port. Their convoy could do little to help them. It would be a *débâcle*—an inversion of the Spanish Armada.

If the crossing were direct from the eastern ports to Antwerp, the danger would become greater. It is less if it should be from Portsmouth to Havre. But this a transit of seven hours, and the railways from Havre to the Belgian frontier would be insufficient for such a force. No doubt the Straits of Dover would be strongly patrolled by our own torpedo craft, and the crossing would, so far as possible, be made at night, when submarines have their minimum of efficiency; but, none the less, it seems to me that the risk would be a very real and pressing one. What possible patrol could make sure of heading off a squadron of submarines? I should imagine it to be as difficult as to bar the Straits to a school of whales.

But supposing such a wholesale tragedy were avoided, and that in spite of the predominance of submarines the army got safely to France or to Belgium, how are we to ensure the safe passage of the long stream of ships which, for many months, would be employed in carrying the needful supplies? We could not do it. The army might very well find itself utterly isolated, with its line of communications completely broken down, at a time when the demand upon the resources of all Continental countries was so great that there was no surplus for our use. Such a state of affairs seems to me to be a perfectly possible one, and to form, with the chance of a disaster to the transports, the greatest danger to which we should be exposed in a German war. But these dangers and the food question, which has already been treated, can all be absolutely provided against in a manner which is not only effective, but which will be of equal value in peace and in war. The Channel Tunnel is

essential to Great Britain's safety.

I will not dwell here upon the commercial or financial advantages of such a tunnel. Where the trade of two great nations concentrates upon one narrow tube, it is obvious that whatever corporation controls that tube has a valuable investment if the costs of construction have not been prohibitive. These costs have been placed as low as five million pounds by Mr. Rose Smith, who represents a practical company engaged in such work. If it were twice, thrice, or four times that sum it should be an undertaking which should promise great profits, and for that reason should be constructed by the nation, or nations, for their common national advantage. It is too vital a thing for any private company to control.

But consider its bearings upon a German war. All the dangers which I have depicted are eliminated. We tap (*viâ* Marseilles and the tunnel) the whole food supply of the Mediterranean and the Black Sea. Our expeditionary force makes its transit, and has its supplies independent of weather or naval chances. Should anything so unlikely as a raid occur, and the forces in the country seem unable to cope with it, a Franco-British reinforcement can be rushed through from the Continent. The Germans have made great works like the Kiel Canal in anticipation of war. Our answer must be the Channel Tunnel, linking us closer to our ally.

Though this scheme was discarded (under very different naval and political conditions) some twenty years ago, no time has, as a matter of fact, been lost by the delay; as I am informed that machinery for boring purposes has so enormously improved that what would have taken thirty years to accomplish can now be done in three. If this estimate be correct, there may still be time to effect this essential insurance before the war with which General von Bernhardi threatens us breaks upon us.

Let us, before leaving the subject, glance briefly at the objections which have formerly been urged against the tunnel. Such as they are, they are as valid now as ever, although the advantages have increased to such an extent as to throw the whole weight of the argument upon the side of those who favor its construction. The main (indeed, the only) objection was the fear that the tunnel would fall into wrong hands and be used for purposes of invasion. By this was meant not a direct invasion through the tunnel itself—to invade a nation of forty-five million people through a hole in the ground twenty-five miles long would stagger the boldest mind—but that the tunnel might be seized at each end by some foreign nation, which would then use it for aggressive military purposes.

At the time of the discussion our relations with France were by no means so friendly as they are now, and it was naturally to France only that we alluded, since they would already hold one end of the tunnel. We need not now discuss any other nation, since any other would have to seize both ends by surprise, and afterwards retain them, which is surely inconceivable. We are now bound in close ties of friendship and mutual interest to France. We have no right to assume that we shall always remain on as close a footing, but as our common peril seems likely to be a permanent one, it is improbable that there will be any speedy or sudden change in our relations. At the same time, in a matter so vital as our hold upon the Dover end of the tunnel, we could not be too stringent in our precautions. The tunnel should open out at a point where guns command it, the mouth of it should be within the lines of an entrenched camp, and a considerable gar-

rison should be kept permanently within call. The latter condition already exists in Dover, but the numbers might well be increased. As an additional precaution, a passage should be driven alongside the tunnel, from which it could, if necessary, be destroyed. This passage should have an independent opening within the circle of a separate fort, so that the capture of the end of the tunnel would not prevent its destruction. With such precautions as these, the most nervous person might feel that our insular position had not really been interfered with. The strong fortress of the Middle Ages had a passage under the moat as part of the defence. This is our passage.

Could an enemy in any way destroy it in time of war?

It would, as I conceive it, be sunk to a depth of not less than two hundred feet below the bed of the ocean. This ceiling would be composed of chalk and clay. No explosive from above could drive it in. If it were designed on a large scale—and, personally, I think it should be a four-line tunnel, even if the cost were doubled thereby—no internal explosion, such as might be brought about by secreting explosive packets upon the trains, would be likely to do more than temporarily obstruct it. If the very worst happened, and it were actually destroyed, we should be no worse off than we are now. As to the expense, if we are driven into a war of this magnitude, a few millions one way or the other will not be worth considering.

Incidentally, it may be noted that General von Bernhardi has a poor opinion of our troops. This need not trouble us. We are what we are, and words will not alter it. From very early days our soldiers have left their mark upon Continental warfare, and we have no reason to think that we have declined from the manhood of our forefathers. He further calls them "mercenaries," which is a misuse of terms. A mercenary is a man who is paid to fight in a quarrel which is not his own. As every British soldier must by law be a British citizen, the term is absurd. What he really means is that they are not conscripts in the sense of being forced to fight, but that they are sufficiently well paid to enable the army as a profession to attract a sufficient number of our young men to the colors.

Our military and naval preparations are, as it seems to me, adequate for the threatened crisis. With the Channel Tunnel added our position should be secure. But there are ot er preparations which should be made for such a contest, should it unhappily be forced upon us. One is financial. Again, as so often before in the history of British wars, it may prove that the last guinea wins. Everything possible should be done to strengthen British credit. This crisis cannot last indefinitely. The cloud will dissolve or burst. Therefore, for a time we should husband our resources for the supreme need. At such a time all national expenditure upon objects which only mature in the future becomes unjustifiable. Such a tax as the undeveloped land tax, which may bring in a gain some day, but at present costs ten times what it produces, is the type of expenditure I mean. I say nothing of its justice or injustice, but only of its inopportuneness at a moment when we sorely need our present resources.

Another preparation lies in our national understanding of the possibility of such a danger and the determination to face the facts. Both Unionists and Liberals have shown their appreciation of the situation, and so have two of the most famous Socialist leaders. No audible acquiescence has come from the ranks of the Labor Party. I would venture to say one

word here to my Irish fellow-countrymen of all political persuasions. If they imagine that they can stand politically or economically while Britain falls, they are woefully mistaken. The British Fleet is their one shield. If it be broken, Ireland will go down. They may well throw themselves heartily into the common defence, for no sword can transfix England without the point reaching Ireland behind her.

Let me say in conclusion, most emphatically, that I do not myself accept any of those axioms of General von Bernhardi which are the foundation-stones of his argument. I do not think that war is in itself a good thing, though a dishonorable peace may be a worse one. I do not believe that an Anglo-German war is necessary. I am convinced that we should never, of our own accord, attack Germany, nor would we assist France if she made an unprovoked attack upon that Power. I do not think that as the result of such a war, Germany could in any way extend her flag so as to cover a larger white population. Every one of his propositions I dispute. But that is all beside the question. We have not to do with his argument, but with its results. Those results are that he, a man whose opinion is of weight and a member of the ruling class in Germany, tells us frankly that Germany will attack us the moment she sees a favorable opportunity. I repeat that we should be mad if we did not take very serious notice of the warning.

Arthur Conan Doyle.

The Fortnightly Review.

THE RIDERS OF THE PLAINS.

CANADA'S ROYAL NORTH-WEST MOUNTED POLICE

For us no cheerful hostelries
Their welcome gates unfold;
No generous board, no downy couch,
Await our troopers bold.
Beneath the starry canopy
Are we when daylight wanes;
There lie the hardy wanderers,
The Riders of the Plains.

From an upper window of the Ritz, the day after the Coronation Procession, one watched the Royal Progress sweep down Piccadilly. As a spectacle, surely a gay and goodly sight is this. Was Solomon in all his glory ever arrayed like the Horse Guards or like one of these scintillating Indian Princes? We wot not. It is the full glory of war's pageantry. To-morrow must prove a field-day to the recruiting officer who casts his net where the human tide flows strong in front of the National Portrait Gallery and at the foot of Irving's statue.

At seven o'clock this very morning, as the troops were trotting down for mobilization, we saw a gorgeous Horse Guard spill off his mount on the slippery asphalt of Tottenham Court Road. It was exactly six and a half minutes (although picturesque advice was tendered him by the early-risen small boy) before he was able to mount his charger again. A Horse Guard in full panoply is not a flexible unit; and yet doomed the Government which should menace the bearskin and black boots or suggest the replacing of those tight-fitting white breeches of this idol of Whitehall. There be bodies celestial and bodies terrestrial!

Of the earth and unornamented utility the next squad, this body of 80 picked men riding with loose rein and wiry bodies, taking in each detail of the crowd that clings to the iron palings of Green Park. Clear-eyed and firm-lipped is each bronze face under

its wide-brimmed hat. Each of the eighty of Canada's Royal North-West Mounted Police, the Riders of the Plains, has his place in this pageant as a recognition of years of stern work, work done squarely and unwasted days on the uttermost edge of Empire.

Good to look at are these lean riders, and yet we turn away with a catch of the breath, a half-choked sob. Up in Canada's Farthest North, on the continent-ridge which separates the great Mackenzie River from the Yukon, lie four brave fellows (Inspector Fitzgerald and Constables Taylor, Carter, and Kinney) who had been chosen to ride for Canada with these at this crowning of the King. In an attempt to carry his Majesty's mail from Fort Macpherson on the Peel to Dawson in the Yukon, overtaken by a blizzard last Christmas, they all four laid down their lives on the snow and ice of the Great Divide.

The story is a short one and breathes of grim suffering, of devotion and pluck and endurance to the end. With sleds and eighteen dogs the winter patrol started for a 400-mile journey westward along the 67th parallel of north latitude. Two months having passed and no word being heard from them, a search party set out from Dawson to look for them, and the waiting world learned that Fitzgerald and his men had crossed not the divide between the Mackenzie Basin and the Yukon, but that Last Great Divide which all men cross but once.

The diary of poor Fitzgerald, written on birch-bark with a burnt twig, tells the tale of the grim fight with Death. The blizzard struck them shortly after they left Fort Macpherson and obliterated all land-marks. Then for forty-six days they wandered in that pitiless wilderness of ice and snow, to lay down their tired bodies finally and die within a hundred miles of Macpherson's Christmas cheer and kindliness.

In the fierce fight with Fate the men had eaten their belts, the harness of the dog-team, and every one of the eighteen dogs. Fitzgerald's diary under date of January 30th records, "All hands feeling sick, supposed to be from eating dog-liver." On February 3rd he scrawls, "We have travelled 200 miles on dog-meat and have still a hundred miles to go, but I think we will make it all right." The last entry is, "February 5th, 48° below. Fine, with strong wind. Can go only a few miles a day."

Those who found them came across Carter's body first, as Fitzgerald had prepared it for burial, the hands crossed pitifully over the emaciated chest, a blanket over the poor worn face. Fitzgerald loved Carter as one strong man learns to love another where souls are tried on the edge of the world. Eloquent and pitiful were the things which the relief-party brought into camp, the copper kettle half full of moose-hide cut into squares which had formed their last meal. Fitzgerald's will of twenty-two brief words in which he left his effects to his mother and concluded with the Christmas message of Tiny Tim, "God bless us every one."

Three years ago one had journeyed to the lip of the Arctic Ocean and forgathered with these brave fellows at Fort Macpherson, had sat round the camp-fire with them, and heard them speak of work and dangers and starvation with the laugh of the man who every day pits his manhood against the forces of Nature on the sternest of frontiers.

Of melancholy interest are the words of Inspector Fitzgerald's official report, recorded in the last Canadian Blue-book. "When there are no ships wintering at Herschel Island I think this station of ours is one of the most lone-

some places in the North. There is no place one can go except to visit a few hungry natives, and there is no white man to visit closer than 180 miles." One gets some idea of Canada's vastness in the fact that Fort Macpherson is 2500 miles away from Mounted Police headquarters at Regina in Saskatchewan.

It seems presumption to dare to attempt an obituary for such men as these. But one of the men may be allowed to here again report of the work of his fellows. This is poor Fitzgerald's last official tribute to his subordinate constables: "I beg to call your attention to the good conduct of the two men stationed with me at this detachment, Reg. No. 2127 Constable Carter and Reg. No. 4582 Constable Kinney. Both have been willing workers, doing everything they were told without dispute, and I have never seen either lose his temper, which is speaking a lot for men stationed in such a lonely spot, *with reading matter lasting only a little over a month.*" Think of this last, you people of London, with your penny papers, your bookstalls, and your circulating libraries! It may be interesting to note that Constable Carter had been married by the Bishop of Yukon to an Eskimo woman, the first and only known case of a white man's contracting a legal marriage with an Eskimo on the edge of the Canadian Arctic.

The Royal North-West Mounted Police, a handful of men less than a thousand in number, maintain order over an extent of country as large as Continental Europe and do their work so well that life and property are safer on the banks of the Athabasca and on Lesser Slave Lake than they are to-day in many crowded corners of London and Liverpool. How largely looms the individual in this vast land of Canada, this map that is half unrolled! Men, real men, count for more here than they do in Old World crowded centres.

This is the most wonderful body of mounted men in the world. Surely more individuality goes into the make-up of this force than into any other, it is a combination of all sorts of men drawn together by the winds of heaven. Five years ago the roll-call of one division disclosed an ex-midshipman; a son of the Governor of a British Colony; a medical student from Dublin; a grandson of a Captain of the line; a Cambridge B.A.; three ex-troopers of the Scots Greys; the brother of a Yorkshire Baronet, and a goodly sprinkling of the ubiquitous Scots. For years a son of Charles Dickens did valiant service with this force, and has left behind him a book (as yet unpublished), "Seven Years Without Beer!"

When the force was founded, in addition to the soldiers of fortune from the Motherland there joined as volunteers many a square-shouldered Canadian lad who had never seen a neighbor till his father had hewed a way through the forest to a Government concession road, long before the coming of the railway. In the ranks are lumber-jacks, Eastern log-birler, Western cowboy, Cree-Scot, unaspirated Cockneys, and more than one man who at the bottom of his kit hides away a medal won in honorable service in South Africa, Egypt, or Afghanistan.

In Regina serves a Corporal who bears a name famous among the famous names of the old nobility of Denmark. When Lord Aberdeen was Governor-General of Canada he paid an official visit to the Prairie Provinces, making a temporary stay at Fort Macleod in Alberta. When His Excellency asked for his despatches and the accumulated mail, the trooper who rode up and handed them to him at the salute was his own nephew, a full private of the R.N.W.

M.P. In this force it is service and not ancient lineage which counts, and many a constable if transferred to a State function in London would have to take precedence of every officer in the detachment.

Far back in the year 1670 another body of men dominated Canada, the staunch Scottish servants and officers of the Ancient and Honorable Hudson's Bay Company whose character-mark for loyalty and fair dealing remains indelible on the early pages of the history of this land. The charter which was granted to them in the reign of Charles II. had run for two hundred years and expired in 1870, leaving all Canada west of the Great Lakes in a condition of readjustment and unrest.

Illicit whiskey-dealers, horse-thieves, and smugglers poured into Western Canada from the United States to the south over the invisible and unguarded parallel of 49°, and Canadian Indians and Canadian interests needed protection. This condition of affairs was the immediate cause of the formation of the R.N.W.M.P. in the early 'seventies, the launching of the project and the forming of the force being the pet scheme of the then Premier, Sir John A. Macdonald.

The 300 charter-members of the Mounted Police had their work cut out for them in the early days on this far frontier where cupidity and lawlessness reigned and no law of God or man had previously been enforced north or south of this part of the international boundary line. The profit to the American "wolfers" had been great and was measured not in dollars but largely in buffalo-robes and sometimes in squaws. The traders from the United States brought bad whisky and worse ammunition and fire-arms to the Canadian Indians and for their own gain encouraged tribal wars and the stealing of horses.

In the spring of 1876 twenty thousand buffalo-robes were taken south from Calgary and Fort Macleod into the United States by one man alone, an old whisky-trader who announced with commercial and connubial pride that the Blackfoot bride he then had was his fifty-seventh squaw obtained in open barter. It was with men of this calibre that our stripling constables had to do in the early days while incidentally, by moral suasion, making law-abiding Britons out of fighting Sioux, Blood Indians, Assiniboines, Blackfeet, and Ojibwas.

In the forty years of its existence the R.N.W.M.P. has closely identified itself with the growing history of Western Canada, being the greatest moral ally to every creative factor of the country's growth. After ten years of clean work with the lawless element from the south, the mobile force was called upon to protect from violence the engineering gangs who were throwing across Canada from ocean to ocean the trans-continental spine of the Canadian Pacific Railway. The Indians looked askance at the 5000 navvies who were invading their lands. Were the steel rails bad medicine to scare away the buffalo and call down the invisible spirits of the air? Would it not be wise to match charm with charm? The engineers found their work much hampered by mischievous Indians. To-day a tomahawk would be driven in between the ends of the rails, to-morrow a "hanger" was within an ace of derailing an engine.

Chief Pi-a-pot precipitated matters. With malice aforethought he pitched his camp within half a mile of the advancing gang of railway track-layers, and as construction reached him explicitly refused to budge. Complaint was made to the Lieutenant-Governor of the Territories, and headquarters of the R.N.W.M.P. at Regina sent a despatch to the Mounted Police Force at

Maple Creek, "Please settle trouble; move on Indians."

Maple Creek sent out not two hundred police, but just two men, a Sergeant and a Constable, and then came the duel between Red-coat and Red-Skin. Pi-a-pot in his nomadic wanderings across the prairie had never yet personally run up against the Mounted Police; neither had his squaws, his camp-followers, nor his dusky olive branches. The two policemen, bandbox neat from clinking spur to forage-cap balanced on its traditional three hairs, trotted across the mesa to Pi-a-pot's tepee and read aloud the orders from headquarters, "You must forthwith break camp and take trail to the northward."

Pi-a-pot jeered, his young braves mounted their bronchos and insolently jostled the statue-still policemen; children and camp-dogs yelled and the women smiled the supercilious smile which belongs alone to the Plains Indian. Sergeant Whatshisname drew out his watch and said, "Pi-a-pot, I give you fifteen minutes." At the end of the time the Sergeant dismounted, while the Constable kept his saddle. Striding deliberately to Pi-a-pot's private tepee the young officer calmly kicked the key-pole and the tent of painted buffalo-skin collapsed. The ceremony was repeated with delicious *sang-froid* all down the line till twenty tepees lay flat on the grass of the autumn prairie.

All this while the mounted constable had been looking square into the eyes of Pi-a-pot, for is not the one great duty of the boy-policeman to study men and faces? Pi-a-pot was no man's fool. The easiest thing in the world was to shoot down these two youthful riders in their red coats, but the story would not end there. Back of these two lads lay British law, the whole body of Canadian might and jurisprudence. It was a rare contest in the self-control which each had learned in his own stern school. Pi-a-pot gathered up his household goods and gods and trekked to the north, while no further word was spoken. The incident had its far-reaching effect. During this first year of C.P.R. construction no overt act, not one murder, was committed.

The Yukon gold-rush sent a splendid squad of the R.N.W.M.P. to this far edge of Empire to adjudicate between man and man and be the sane adjusters of things. Eastward to Hudson Bay, northward to where on distant Herschel Island the American whaler is frozen in for half the year, has the little line of red sent its outposts. In the peaceful invasion of the prairie by happy homesteaders, the Rider of the Plains has been a compelling factor making for law and decency. Into this great rectangle of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, a wheat-farm a thousand miles in length and of unknown depth, is making to-day the greatest economic "trek" this world has ever known. In 1910 a third of a million souls made their way into Western Canada to take up homes amid the yellow wheat. In 1911 the flood of immigration passed the 400,000 mark. The Canadian Government gives in this fertile belt 160 acres of land absolutely free to every man who will till it, and it is largely due to the fine work of the R.N.W.M.P. that the homesteader when he comes finds law and order established before him.

It was in 1895 that Inspector Constantine took his small body of Mounted Police up into the Yukon to maintain order there amid the men of the gold-rush. Fortunes were being made every day, fabulous fortunes, and it is characteristic of the steadfastness of the force that although the pay was small and the work hard in the extreme, there were no desertions from the police ranks. Varied indeed was

the day's work of the Constable on his icy outpost. He was Mining Recorder and Claim-Arbitrator; he was Customs Officer at the Pass; he acted as protector to every timid packer; he ran the dog-team mail into the interior camps, and was philosopher and friend to "sourdough" and "cheechako" alike.

Inspector Constantine says, "When we got to Dawson the thermometer was 77° below, we had four hours' daylight, and candles were a dollar (four shillings) apiece. I was Commander-in-Chief, Chief Magistrate, and Home and Foreign Secretary. I arrived with twenty men at the end of July and in four months we had built nine houses, one of them 75 feet long. We cut and carried and squared all the timber ourselves. Yes, our shoulders were raw. I had three tables in my room, and a different kind of work on each. I walked from one table to the other to rest." While Major Constantine was making the name of British law respected in the Yukon, Mrs. Constantine had the fine faculty of keeping alive before many a ruddy English lad the standards and traditions of the Briton; for within her hospitable walls he found a corner which breathed of home. The guests of Mrs. Constantine had to respect two restrictions: they might repeat no unkind gossip or scandal, and *they must dress for dinner!*

The Mounted Police in Canada owes its prestige not to the severity of its punishment but to the sureness of its work, the inexorable unflinchingness with which it pursues the law-breaker. A man in the Yukon committed a ghastly murder, and fled south. Inspector Constantine and his men pursued that man all up and down the map of North America for over six months, overtaking him finally at Loredo in Mexico. The only piece of the British Empire available just at that time on the Gulf of Mexico was a British merchantman in the harbor, bound for Jamaica. Mounted policeman and the man he had captured boarded the vessel, sailed with her to the West Indies, and re-shipped there for Halifax. There at last the strong hand of Canadian law was laid upon the murderer and he had to face the consequences of his deeds done in the flesh.

In the far lonely places it is not infrequently the duty of the Mounted Policeman to convey lunatics hundreds of miles out of the wilderness to a kindly asylum. Three summers ago one met Sergeant Field at Fort Chipewyan on Lake Athabasca. Chipewyan as a fur-trading post was established in 1788. It was doing business at the same old stand before Toronto was the capital of Upper Canada, while Ottawa was still unheard of, and when of Chicago not even the Fort Dearborn nucleus existed. Scraping the yellow lichens off the old sun-dial, we adjust our bearings. We are 111° West of Greenwich, and in latitude 58° 45′ North. Our parallel carried eastward would strike the Orkneys and pass through Stromness. Chipewyan is a little pearl of the periwigged days of the Georges. From its red sands, tamarack swamps, and mossy muskeg one almost expects to see arise the forms of the great of old who outfitted here for Arctic explorations: Sir Alexander Mackenzie, Sir George Simpson, and Sir John Franklin, Back and Richardson and Rae, and in later days that stripling curate who was afterwards to be known as Bishop Bompas, the "Apostle of the North." All these have written their story on the history-page of sub-Arctic Canada. The modern chapter which with all modesty Sergeant Field relates to us is no less worthy of arresting the attention of loyal Britons.

Four or five winters ago, Field, then a Corporal, was stationed at Chipewyan, and heard from the Dog-Rib Indians

that a man had gone insane at the Hay River Mission at the western extremity of Great Slave Lake, 350 miles to north-west. With an interpreter and a dog-train, Field set out in the icy weather, got his man, brought him back to Chipewyan, re-outfitted there and with the madman strapped to the sled started off for Fort Saskatchewan, where he arrived 44 days later, having covered a total distance over the snow of 1300 miles!

To Constable Pedley, stationed at Chipewyan in 1904, came a similar stern duty. An evangelist missionary had made his winter headquarters in a lonely spot on the Peace River where in a low log cabin he lived with but one half-breed, Anton Riveaux, for companion. The missionary became insane and Pedley's duty was to get him out south to the asylum. The mad missionary was wrapped in furs, put into an Eskimo sleeping-bag and securely fastened to the one sled, and the single constable started out with his charge on the grim journey of 500 miles across unbroken snow. For this whole distance Pedley ran with the dogs and ministered daily to the wants of his charge. The temperature was from 30° to 40° below zero, the coldest hours being those before the dawn.

At 4 P.M. each day camp was made, the dogs were fed, the madman was forced to take necessary food, and Pedley himself ate his bannock, beans, and bacon and drank his tea—that is, if he succeeded in making a fire. For two whole days and a night the party was caught in a blizzard, and Pedley, after sheltering the dogs under the lee of the sled, fastened the maniac and himself in their sleeping-bags to a pine-tree trunk.

At Fort McKay on the Athabasca, the patient was released for a little exercise, when he made a dash for the woods. Pedley gave chase, overtook him, fastened his arms and his legs and carried him back a quarter of a mile to camp. At Big Weechume Lake a guide was secured to Lac la Biche, where a team of horses took the place of the dogs, and Fort Saskatchewan was reached on January 7th. By the end of February the missionary was discharged from the hospital absolutely cured in mind and body.

Pedley, in his turn, on his way back to Chipewyan, himself gave way at Lac la Biche and became violently insane. The strain had been too great for him. Six months in the Asylum at Brandon brought complete recovery to the plucky constable, and he was granted a three months' leave of absence, which he spent at home in East Anglia. At the end of his leave Pedley again reported for duty at Regina, where he is still giving his services for his country. Of such stuff are the Cubs of the Lion.

When an officer of the Mounted Police rides his cayuse to mountain camp or threads on snowshoes the north trails of the trapper, he is not an exponent of the law, he is the law itself. He makes arrests and escorts his man often to a prison of his own making, where, after a trial before a Mounted Police tribunal, the law-breaker may be incarcerated for a term of years. A policeman sent out to make an arrest must not shoot first; so the record of the force has become a long roll of brave adventures, great tragedies, and the impossible made fact.

Every department of the Canadian Government is helped by the men of the Mounted Police. The force furnishes escorts for the Government officials who go far north to pay to the respective Indian tribes their annual treaty money. The Department of Agriculture largely depends upon the Mounted Police for the veterinary inspection of all new stock coming into the country, for detailed reports upon the cattle and crops in the new dis-

tricts, for the enforcing of game laws, and for the distribution of free seed-grain to needy homesteaders.

All along the international boundary line outposts of Police prevent smuggling. Over the prairie country constables ride from farm to farm giving advice to the new comer regarding the sowing of seed, building of shacks, and herding of stock, receiving at the same time and forwarding to headquarters any complaints which are offered regarding neglect or injustice. Thus the whole country is patrolled regularly, and a police Doomsday Book of the prairie compiled.

In the year 1901 our present King and Queen, then the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall and York, passed through Western Canada on their homeward way from their Empire-circling tour, and the Duke of Cornwall wrote: "I am especially anxious to record my appreciation of that splendid force, the North-West Mounted Police. I had the pleasure of inspecting a portion of the corps at Calgary, and was much struck with the smart appearance of both men and horses, and with their general steadiness on parade. They furnished escorts throughout our stay in Western Canada, frequently horses for our carriages, and found the transport, all of which duties were performed with ready willingness and in a highly creditable manner."

In the South African War, the R.N.W.M.P. was well represented, although, unfortunately, their identity as a force was not maintained. Their contributions to the war were:

	Officers	Men	Horses
1st Canadian Mounted Rifles	11	234	255
Strathcona's Horse	7	96	—
2nd Canadian Mounted Rifles	4	31	—
S.A. Constabulary	4	38	—
5th Canadian Mounted Rifles	4	31	—
Total	30	260	255

That the Canadians played the part of men in South Africa is clearly proved by the fact that in the Orange Free State, and afterwards on the march to Pretoria under Lord Roberts, the Canadian Mounted Rifles almost invariably formed the advance guard. The Victoria Cross was won in 1900 by Sergeant A. H. O. Richardson, a member of the "C" Division of the R.N.W.M.P. who served with Strathcona's Horse and who earned the distinction of being the first Colonel gazetted in South Africa. Sergeant Richardson rode to the assistance of a wounded comrade at Wolvespruit and brought him in, in the face of a fierce cross-fire at a range of 300 yards, while himself riding a badly shot horse. In the distribution of honors at the end of the Boer War three other members of the Mounted Police (Superintendent Sanders, Inspector Macdonell, and Inspector Cartwright) received the Distinguished Service Order.

It is thus on African veldt and Canadian prairie that the Rider of the Plains works into daily deeds his translation of his oath of service: "*I, A.B., solemnly swear that I will faithfully, diligently, and impartially execute the duties required of me as a member of the Royal North-West Mounted Police Force, and will well and truly obey and perform all lawful orders and instructions which I shall receive as such, without fear, favor, or affection of or toward any person. So help me God.*"

Agnes Deans Cameron.

HONESTY.

By M. E. Francis.

PART II.

CHAPTER VI.

Honesty got out of one van into the other, and, in obedience to her father's admonitions repeatedly shouted from his post, took off her hat and lay down. In her actual situation she could not see him, and dreaded moreover hurting his feelings afresh by peering out to satisfy herself as to his movements. But her ears were abnormally acute, and she consoled herself by thinking that should he again attempt to "stretch his legs," the sound of his steps would betray him. As she lay there with her ears on the strain to catch every slight sound, her heart felt even more than usually heavy; the consciousness of her father's sorrow, evidently more real and acute than she had imagined it to be, being added to her own habitual burden. Everything in the world was sad and crooked, and there seemed to be no way of straightening matters.

Honesty had fancied herself very much on the alert, but as she lay sorrowfully pondering, the rumbling of wheels and creaking of woodwork, and the steady plodding of the horse's feet mingled themselves inextricably together, and she fell asleep.

The scriptural phrase "sleeping for sorrow" is wonderfully apt: there is a heaviness of the spirit which occasionally and most unexpectedly induces slumber.

She awoke with a start, sitting up and looking about her in fear.

Through the open door she could see that the sun's rays shone level with the top of the hedge; craning her head anxiously she looked out. There was the drooping head of the second horse, within a yard of the steps of her own van, patiently nodding in time to his lagging feet. All was well, no doubt.

Rising with a yawn she went to the door—lo! though her father was not walking by the horse's head, neither was he seated in his usual place; the reins were knotted together and fastened to a nail in the shed.

Honesty was out of the van in a minute, running hastily round the other, in the hope that her father, overcome by the heat, had followed her example and thrown himself upon his bed. But the door was fast closed, and when, climbing into the vehicle, she had examined the interior, she was horrified to find it empty; Mr. Cuff had evidently stretched his legs to some purpose.

She made a hasty survey of the country, presently, by means of one or two familiar landmarks, identifying their whereabouts. There was a village about a mile-and-a-half in their rear, containing a popular hostelry where Silas had probably betaken himself; their onward journey would by-and-by lead them to crossways where it would be possible to turn; she would follow in Zachary's wake till then, when she would halt until his van had vanished round the corner, the road at this point describing a somewhat abrupt angle. Then she would turn and go with as much speed as could be managed by so cumbrous an equipage, in search of her father. The noise made by Zachary's own progression would drown her movements; he would never dream of missing her till they had reached their destination. He never spoke to her, or so much as turned his head in her direction, nowadays. With luck her father's lapse might remain undiscovered.

But her heart throbbed violently as

she carried this plan into effect, dreading a possible hitch. Zachary's warning rang in her ears:—"This bargain 'ull be off if he do fail in one way or the other." Her conscience smote her sorely at the thought that by saving her father she was practically imposing on her husband, but her fear of the consequences of discovery was too great to permit her to act otherwise.

It was a more difficult job than she had looked for to turn the great van, and she did so at considerable risk to it and to herself, but at last the feat was accomplished, and mounting to the driver's seat she set off in pursuit of Silas, at first at a foot's pace, then, when she deemed that a safe distance intervened between her and Zachary, at as brisk a trot as she could urge her astonished horse to accomplish.

As she anticipated, she ran her quarry to earth within the hospitable portals of the "Pure Drop." She had expected Silas to be half tipsy, but the manner in which she found him was, it must be owned, a disagreeable surprise. Mr. Cuff was in fact mounted upon a table, dancing the double shuffle to the admiration of a group of equally convivial souls.

"Father," cried Honesty, almost choking with anger and shame. "Father, get down! Come away at once, else Zachary'll be after you."

Mr. Cuff paused, and turning his head on one side cast a bird-like glance at his daughter from the corner of his eye; then, infected by the consternation in her face, he clambered down from the table quietly enough.

"Well, well," he said, "I be comin'. Now, here's a pretty thing! I did promise these gentlemen drinks round, and ordered them, too, an' dalled if I've enough money to pay for 'em."

"I have a little money," gasped Honesty, fumbling in her pocket. "Oh, father, go out at once; get into the van, I'll be after you directly—we haven't a minute to lose."

She paid the score tremblingly, and going out found that Cuff had managed, with the aid of a good-natured stableman, to turn the van, and was seated in his customary place. Honesty climbed up breathlessly beside him, and took the reins, slapping the ends on the horse's back to induce greater speed. When they had left the village behind, she turned to cast a distracted look at her companion. Meeting it, he endeavored to brace himself, smoothing back his ruffled hair, and assuming an air of extreme dignity.

"Oh, 'tis no use," she broke out, impatiently, "you be so drunk as anything, and you do look it. The very minute Zachary throws his eye over ye he'll see how 'tis—and then what's to become of ye? Oh, father, how could you! To think o' you dancing for that crew—a man o' your years—an' poor mother not three months in her grave!"

Her voice shook, and she winked away angry tears.

"Ye mid have a bit o' feelin' for I, I do think," said Mr. Cuff, in tones which, if somewhat thick, were deeply injured. "You needn't be bringing up poor mother's name, I should judge. 'Tis her loss what have broke me up. I'm not the man I was, an' never will be again. 'Tis sorrow what do drive I to do things what I wouldn't do otherways."

There was a pause, during which Honesty again slapped the reins on the horse's back and urged him forward.

"I bain't so very drunk, my dear," said Mr. Cuff mildly.

Honesty turned round to look at him again, and whether because of her attention being thus diverted, or because the old horse was unequal to the unaccustomed strain, he stumbled over a loose stone, and fell heavily on his knees.

Honesty alighted in an instant, and utered a cry of anguish:

"Oh, whatever shall we do now! Blackbird's knees are broke!"

The poor beast had quickly regained his footing, but blood was trickling from the white dusty patches which showed where his knees had come in contact with the road.

The shock sobered Cuff, who climbed down from his seat and critically examined the sufferer.

"It might be worse," he said. "The cuts bain't so very deep, and there's no j'int-ile comin'—so long as there's no j'int-ile runnin' the cuts'll heal up all right. He'll be none the worse. Shart don't keep him for show."

"Oh, but what will he say?" gasped Honesty, wringing her hands. "Of course, it'll all have to come out now. I'll have to tell him why I turned back—and of course he'll be twice so angry on Blackbird's account."

"Nay now, nay now," said Mr. Cuff, "I be sorry for the inconvenience to your husband, but so far as I be concerned 'tis the best thing what could ha' happened. This here's a accident, do you see—and a accident what delayed us on the road. Now summat did ought to be done for thik poor beast. His legs did ought to be fomented constant wi' hot water. The best thing to be done 'ud be for me to unhitch en, an' lead en back to the Pure Drop, an' for you to run on an' see if you can't catch your husband up."

"No," cried she, "what's the use of going back to the place where all the mischief started? Besides they'd be sure to talk about you there, an' the way ye did behave, an' then Zachary 'ud know. No, let's tie up poor Blackbird's knees—they're not bleeding so very much, an' go quietly on till we do catch en up again."

Cuff argued the point hotly, and while they were still in the midst of the discussion a faint rumbling of wheels was heard, and presently a large and familiar shape appeared crawling towards them up the hill.

"'Tis the van," said Honesty, under her breath. "We've delayed too long—Zachary's come to look for us."

CHAPTER VII.

During the awful moments of suspense which intervened while the two vehicles crept towards each other, Honesty changed her mind several times with regard to the course which she meant to pursue.

"'Tis the best to tell the whole truth," she began. "There's nothing else to be done. We'm fairly caught, Father."

"If you do go a-tale bearin' again' me there's no chance for me," returned her parent.

"I can't tell Zachary a lie," she rejoined deperately.

"Don't you say nothin' then," retorted he. "Let me speak—there'll not be much need for either of us speakin' so far as that goes. He can see for hisself what's happened—a accident like this was bound to delay us. You keep your mouth shut—without ye do want to do for me altogether. I be all right now," he added defiantly.

When Zachary came up, Mr. Cuff took the initiative at once, relating his story with such skill and candor as might have disarmed the suspicions of a more astute man than Zachary. The latter, indeed, appeared to accept his statements without demur, making very little comment upon them one way or the other. He examined Blackbird's legs with a frowning brow and seemed entirely preoccupied with the poor animal's injuries.

"'Tis a pity you didn't call out," he said.

"Us couldn't make ye hear," rejoined Cuff, with an amiably explanatory air. 'Wheels do rattle so terr'ble loud on

these stony roads, the 'uman voice don't carry—an' then us thought us had better do what us could for the poor harse at once. I be pure sorry the accident chanced to happen, Zachary, but I do assure 'ee it wasn't along o' no fault o' mine. I was drivin' so careful as anything—the creature stumbled over a little small loose stone what had got worked up by the dryness o' the road. 'Twas very onfart'nate."

"'Ees, 'twas very onfart'nate," agreed Zachary. "Well, ye'd best unhitch this harse, Father-in-law, an' lead him for a bit."

"Best take him back to the Pure Drop, don't ye think?" queried Cuff, within cautious zeal.

"Back to the Pure Drop?" echoed Zachary slowly: it seemed to Honesty that there was a momentary gleam in his eyes as he repeated the words, but he cast them down immediately, appearing to weigh the point in his own mind.

"No," he resumed, after a pause. "There's a farm half a mile away from here what's more on our road. I'll leave en there an' fetch another harse to take along the van. Honesty, you'd best bide here in charge of thik van till we come back again."

He spoke in his ordinary tone, but without looking at her. His wife climbed up to the driver's seat again with a quaking heart. Was he deceived or not? There was no anger in his voice, and as for his omitting to glance at her when he addressed her, it was a thing which had often happened of late. But the mere fact of his appearing to accept her father's statements unquestioningly filled her with secret anxiety. It would have been natural for him to have expressed distress, if not indignation, at the accident, to have satisfied himself by searching queries as to the precise amount of blame which attached to Cuff as ostensible driver.

The half hour or so which elapsed before he returned, leading the borrowed horse, appeared an eternity; yet as he drew near it seemed to her that horse and man came up the hill at all too fast a pace.

Her foreboding increased when, without a word or a single glance at her, he harnessed the animal, and immediately led him back in the direction whence they had come.

Honesty felt as if she could scream as the old familiar procedure was set in motion: the horse plodding between the dusty hedges, the van creaking and rattling in his wake, Zachary trudging alongside, raising little clouds of dust with every step, his head bent, his eyes fixed on the road.

At length, unable to endure the suspense, she broke silence—questioning him in a small voice:—

"What has become of Father?"

"He's seein' to Blackbird."

"Are the cuts very bad, do ye think?"

"Bad enough."

He spoke shortly, but without any undue vexation; there was no new inflection in his tone from which the anxious wife could derive enlightenment.

With a sigh she leaned back and spoke no more until Zachary presently turned in at an open gate which led into a field. Two or three great elms were grouped in the centre of a hedgerow running diagonally to that of the road, and in the shelter of these Zachary halted. The other van was already stationed there, Prince being tethered alongside.

"Be we a-goin' to bide here to-night?" asked Honesty, as her husband began to unharness the horse.

"'Ees."

"Be you a-goin' to take the horse back?"

He nodded without speaking, continuing his operations with buckles and

chains. When the horse was free of the shafts and Zachary turned to lead him out of the field, Honesty said with nervous haste.

"I'll hurry up and have supper ready by the time ye do come back."

"No," he said; then looking at her darkly, "don't do that; supper can bide over for a bit."

She watched him with fascinated eyes until he had disappeared with his charge, and then, unable for very anguish of mind to keep still, descended from the van and began to pace up and down in front of it.

It was that hour immediately succeeding sunset when Nature seems to breathe and to revive. The sky was still full of reflected light, many delicate hues lingering at the horizon; overhead a few stars were peeping out in a setting that was faintly green: the elm trees stood up dark and massive, the boughs motionless, for the wind had dropped. Except for the crunching of Prince's teeth as he disposed of his supper and the swish of her own skirts as she rambled aimlessly over the rough grass, no sound broke the stillness, till the beat of Zachary's returning steps fell upon her ear. Heavy and firm they were, and rapid—more rapid than was their wont.

"He's in a hurry to be at me," said Honesty to herself with a kind of dull despair.

In the short space which intervened between the opening of the gate and his halt beside her, the impulse came to her to make a clean breast of the whole matter and to throw herself upon his mercy; but she checked it with an inward bitter laugh to herself. What mercy could she expect from Zachary in his present mood, and after her father had stultified himself by repeated falsehoods which she had suffered to pass uncorrected? The only chance for either of them now lay in braving the thing out, parrying Zachary's questions as best she could, and taking refuge in silence if he pressed her too closely. After all, he could not *force* her to speak, and without direct evidence there could be no conviction.

"Get into the van," said Zachary, peremptorily as their eyes met.

"Nay, if we're not to have supper, 'tis nice to be out here in the fresh air," she rejoined, endeavoring to speak lightly, but squeezing her hands together to stay their trembling.

"Get into the van," he repeated, taking her by the arm, not ungently, and drawing her towards it.

She obeyed, stumbling as she went, and climbing up the steps with difficulty. Once inside he closed the door and then silently proceeded to light the lamp.

"There's no need for that," she said, speaking more with a desire to give herself courage than for any other reason. "'Tisn't really dark yet."

He made no answer, but continued his task. When chimney and globe were in place, he set the lamp on the table and seated himself in his own chair.

"Sit down," he said, "no, don't draw away from the table; come nigh it, I want to see your face."

Honesty obeyed, endeavoring not to blanch, and setting her lips tightly.

"Now, then," said Zachary, "what have you to say about this business?"

"Ye did hear what father did tell 'ee," she was beginning in a voice which, in spite of her efforts, was unsteady, when he interrupted her.

"I do want to hear what *you've* a-got to say."

There was a pause, and then he continued in a gentler tone, as though willing to help her out. "How did you come to leave this van for the other?"

"Father said he was lwonesome," said Honesty.

"So ye did j'ine en for company?" suggested Zachary.

"'Ees," said Honesty.

"An' did ye sit up aside of him all the a'ternoon?" he pursued.

"I did walk for a bit, a-leadin' o' Blackbird," said she; then, as his eyes remained expectantly fixed on hers, the thought came to her that if she owned to having fallen asleep she might disclaim further responsibility.

"I did doze part of the time," she added, very quickly. Zachary's face relaxed, but he did not remove his eyes from hers.

"I don't see how anybody could doze sittin' up on that straight seat," he said. "Did you lay down, Honesty?"

She nodded, and, in the pause which succeeded, it seemed to her that he must hear the loud beating of her heart.

"You were in your father's van when the accident happened," said Zachary in a ruminative tone. "When you were a-layin' down—you were a-layin' down on his bed, was you?"

She now realized the pitfall which she had dug for herself: one word more and she must either find herself irretrievably committed to a lie or betray her father. Her eyes fell and she remained silent.

"Go on," said Zachary, "I do want to hear all about that. Go on, Honesty."

His voice was harsh now, and glancing up she saw that his lips were wreathed in a bitter smile. "He's got me cornered," she thought with a spasm of terror.

"I ax ye again," repeated Zachary, "was ye layin' on your father's bed in t'other van when the accident happened—was you or wasn't you?"

"I was—in father's van when the accident happened," said Honesty almost voicelessly.

Zachary drew a long breath and leaned back in his chair; after a moment he drew his watch from his pocket and laid it on the table between them.

"Now," he said, "I've had enough of that tale. I'll give 'ee five minutes to tell me the whole truth. If I don't have the truth in five minutes I'll go straight back to the Pure Drop and hear all about your father's doings from the folks there."

"You knew?" cried Honesty, with flashing eyes. "You knew all the time! And you've a-been tormentin' me for nothin'."

"Nay," he rejoined, "twasn't for nothin'—I did question ye all roads for to give ye the chance o' tellin' the truth—but there's no truth in ye."

The contempt in his tone stung his wife almost to madness: fear was swallowed up in anger, as she exclaimed in a choking voice:—

"So you was spyin' after us—that's worse than anythin' I've done."

"Spyin'!" he cried, with an echo of her own wrath. "There was no need to spy. The facts did speak for theirselves. When I did chance to stop to get a stone out o' Prince's shoe I did notice as t'other van wasn't followin'. I did run to the carner o' the road and still 'twasn't in sight. Then I did look inside thik van to ax if ye'd noticed anything—you wasn't there, but I could see where you'd been a-layin' on the bed—and bedclothes all tumbled about an' your hat thrown down showin' you'd run off in a hurry. So then I guessed your father had been up to his usual tricks an' you'd gone arter him—when I come to the cross-roads the marks o' the van wheels turnin' round was plain to be seen in the dust, an' then——"

"Oh," interrupted Honesty wringing her hands in a kind of passionate despair, "ye knowed 'twas on my own bed I'd been lyin', an' ye went on an' on at me till ye did force I to tell a lie."

"What's one lie more or less?" retorted he fiercely. "Even if you hadn't spoke the words—an' mind ye, 'twasn't to make ye tell a lie I did go on at ye. but because I did have a kind o' hope as ye'd be shamed into tellin' the truth—ye've a-been actin' a lie all this time—backin' up your father in them he told, an' helpin' en to deceive me. If I hadn't a-found out for myself ye'd go on lettin' him deceive me, an' deceivin' me yourself."

"Zachary," she cried piteously, her anger swept away by a quick rushing tide of remorse. "Oh, Zachary, can't ye have a little mercy on me! 'Ees, I've been wicked, wicked, but can't ye see how hard it was to speak the truth when ye did say ye'd only give father this one chance. You couldn't expect me to be the one to get father into trouble."

"Your duty was to me," insisted Zachary. "Ye did ought to ha' called me in the first place when ye did miss the van. I suppose 'twas your father what turned round at the cross-roads for to drive back to the Pure Drop."

"No, 'twas me," confessed Honesty. "I'll tell 'ee jist how it did happen—I'll tell 'ee the whole truth."

"If ye can," said he.

He saw her wince, and in the midst of his anger his heart smote him; then he steeled himself against her, and as her story proceeded he was stirred anew with bitter indignation.

"Ye must have thought me pretty soft if ye did reckon I shouldn't know what the wold man had been up to the first minute I see'd him," he remarked at the conclusion of her tale; "you're but a clumsy pair o' liars both on ye."

"Oh, Zachary, don't call me that," cried Honesty, "don't—I can't bear it—I'd sooner ye'd hit me."

"Hit ye," cried Zachary, his face suddenly blanching. It was as though an ice-cold wave had submerged his white heat of anger.

And then there suddenly recurred to her mind the words which long ago Zachary had spoken in reply to her mother's query.

"Knock about my wife! . I didn't think anybody could imagine such a thing," and the train of thought suggested the phrase which immediately preceded them. "I won't say but what if folks don't deal straight with me I'm not a bit nasty."

"I never see'd a man wi' so little pity," she said then, in a low voice, "but I do mind now—ye did say before we was married how nasty you could be at times."

"'Ees," said Zachary quietly, "I did warn ye, didn't I?"

"'Ees, indeed," she admitted, "I ought to ha' been warned, but I didn't believe ye."

Back to them both came the memory of that momentous evening when he had offered her himself, and all that he had, with such deep love and entire confidence—and she had held him off, her heart being then full of that other man. His face hardened again.

"Well, there's no use goin' back on the past," he said roughly. "Here we be, man an' wife what's bound to pass their lives together. Us must do the best us can. But I'm a man o' my word—you do know what to expect now."

"You mean that Father must go?" suggested Honesty unsteadily.

Zachary nodded. "He's had his chance," he said.

"Ye be a-goin' to turn en out to starve," cried she, "though I did promise Mother on her deathbed as I'd never desert en! Oh! Zachary, don't be so hard-hearted! If 'tis to punish me I be punished enough. Whatever mid be my faults I've a-done my duty as your wife, an' it's wrong o' you to drive

away my own father—to turn him out to die, maybe—

"No," said Zachary; "you'm wrong there. I'll not have en here to make mischief between you an' me."

"Oh! but he wouldn't, he wouldn't!" interrupted she wildly, "I do gie ye my word, Zachary, I'll never deceive ye again."

He looked at her sadly and not unkindly.—

" 'Tis no use," he said. "Your father 'ull not keep from the drink and you'll be tempted to shield en. If he don't burst out again to-morrow he'll do it next day, and it 'ull allus be the same story. I'll find a respectable lodging for en wi' folks as 'ull look after him as well as they can, an' pay 'em summat for his keep—along o' his bein' my wife's father—an' when he do keep sober he can do a day's work here an' there an' earn a bit that way; but his contract with me is at an end."

"I suppose I did ought to thank ye for that," said she with a quivering lip.

"There's no need," he rejoined. Then, after a pause, he went on in an altered tone. "Ye can get supper now so soon as ye like."

But Honesty sat still looking at him helplessly. Was this indeed Zachary, the good-natured, genial man, who had been almost too willing to be influenced by her, whom she had sometimes jested at for his readiness to forestall her lightest whim, whose warm protecting love had seemed to encompass her whole being—this man of iron, this stern judge who meted out such rigid justice to her and hers?

"Well," he said, finding that she did not move, "why don't ye do as I tell ye?"

"I will in a minute," she rejoined, "I'm jist thinkin'—I'm jist wonderin' how it is ye be the same man I did use to think so kind."

"Ah," he rejoined quickly, "we be finding each other out, bain't us? I've been a-wonderin' what's become o' the little maid what couldn't act deceitful even in the tiniest thing. Do 'ee remember when ye did light that fire last Boxing Day but one, and how ye was forced to tell I about the bid o' candle. 'Honest by name an' Honest by natur'!' says I—I couldn't say the same now."

"Oh, Zachary, I be honest by natur'," cried the girl; her heart was bursting; she threw herself forward across the table, her head resting on her folded arms; her shoulders heaved with sobs.

Zachary groaned within himself. That was the worst of it; she was honest by nature. Evil, indeed, had been the influence which had brought her thus low. Burning words rose to his lips—those words which if once spoken would destroy the last semblance of harmony in their lives—to prevent their utterance he rose hastily and went out.

The Times. *(To be continued.)*

PRESIDENT POINCARE.

Congratulations are showered upon France and M. Poincaré, and are deserved by both. Perhaps the general public does not quite well understand either in England or in France the real reasons why these congratulations are deserved. There is just a danger of too many flowers being strewn in M. Poincaré's path. The street processions and choruses which paraded the boulevards on the night of the election with flags and lanterns and "Vive

Poincaré," and with "Clemenceau à Charenton" thrown in every now and then, were not in the least dangerous. It would be a great mistake to imagine that they mean Chauvinism. It is a peculiarity of the situation of France at the present that since she took the tonic of the *coup d' Agadir* she has been not more but less Jingo than before. At the fall of M. Delcassé over Morocco she suffered not from Chauvinism, but from funk. But in peoples it is a nearer step from funk to Chauvinism than is often imagined. Had France the same neuritis she had at the time the German Emperor went to Tangier, she would be in a fever of Jingoism now. But the tonic has both braced up her character and steadied her nerves. There is not the slightest danger that M. Poincaré's election should lead "à Berlin."

The only danger for M. Poincaré comes from this popularity—not perhaps exactly in the way one might at first imagine. He is popular, and rightly popular. Some oracular French arbiters of the Press are already telling him to beware the peril of popularity, and especially the risks the man runs who ever keeps his eye on his popularity. The real danger for M. Poincaré comes precisely from these oracles. The instinct of the frogs calling for a king is always curiously persistent in some portion of the French character. A certain portion of French society will always clamor to be swallowed by a King Stork. The danger of the French political situation at the present moment is the tendency of some journalistic oracles to make out that M. Poincaré really is at last the heaven-sent King Stork. One is very weary of hearing in Conservative French circles about "strong men." Naturally, the other side plays into the hands of the "strong man" supporters by a deliberate and barefaced championship of King Log. Hence M. Pams and the Pamsists.

There is no danger whatever that M. Poincaré will be really King Stork. The wish or the fear that he might be are equally absurd. I have the honor of knowing M. Poincaré, and I cannot think of a man less cut out to be a dictator or to want to be a dictator. He is a man of very clear and precise views of what he does want, an ambitious man, but a sensibly ambitious man; a man, that is to say, with a practical and realistic ambition, not with that poetry of ambition which leads men sometimes to do great things and sometimes to try great things and fail. Napoleon the Third was elected President of the Republic, but he was not the man to stop there; there was a wild dream in his character—some shadow of Napoleonic genius, I suppose—which drove him higher, drove him indeed as high almost as he had hoped, until the great crash came. M. Poincaré is no poet, I imagine, in politics or in anything else. His small, square, neat head, with the clear-looking eyes, has common-sense above all at the back of it, besides the very keen and quick intellectual powers in the broad forehead. He is sharp, precise, cool, businesslike, extraordinarily active, full of *apropos*, amazingly hard-working, very impatient of bores, and rather impatient of the frills of diplomacy. Moreover, he is a perfectly straightforward and honest man, and would sincerely think it a crime to break the oath which by accepting the honor conferred upon him he implicitly gives of serving his country according to the laws of its Constitution.

M. Clemenceau came into the Hotel des Réservoirs at Versailles, his hands in his overcoat pockets and his top hat on one side of his head, his face, it seemed to me, sallower than ever and almost grey. He was fighting perhaps his last battle—and he had lost it. It was almost tragic to see the staunch

old fighter walking grimly into the restaurant which was once the country-house of Madame de Pompadour, and where there were many Madame de Pompadours of to-day on a lesser scale sitting down to lunch among other and very diverse "Parisian" people. At dessert French Nationalism, represented by M. Arthur Meyer, "recently come into the Church of Christ," walked urbanely round, shaking hands, with an amiable word for every friend. There was M. Maurice Barrès, egotist and anarchist turned Nationalist, and opposite him Count Albert de Mun, who has never changed his politics and who wears the ribbon of the Legion of Honor of the French Republic because he fought in the war of 1870. There were passionate lady poets—the Countess Mathieu de Noailles—fashionable dramatists, who have changed Jewish names into old aristocratic French ones (I will not mention the names); there was the staunch old Jewish Republican, M. Joseph Reinach, sitting with his back to M. Arthur Meyer; there came in magnificent actresses in furs; there came in Count Boni de Castellane, also magnificent in furs, the Duke and Duchess de Rohan representing between them more French aristocracy and more French feminine literature; and over it all were sprinkled a few Anglo-Parisians observing. Into the luncheon-room came M. Clemenceau the "Tiger," looking, I thought, more pathetic now than fierce. He must have known already that his game was up, or at least he looked like it. I think it is worth while explaining what his "game" was. It was not altogether a game, and there was some honest purpose in it. I am afraid that some jealousy, and perhaps even envy, may have entered into his calculations. M. Clemenceau is, perhaps, not a conspicuously generous man, but that was certainly not all that was in his mind; he was playing an also honest game. The point of view of his party is not altogether absurd, whatever may be thought in England. I grant that the choice of M. Pams was absurd, but Pamsism (barring the name) is not entirely absurd. It is not true that the old *Blôc*, now resolved into the Radicals and Socialist-Radicals, did not at all serve the country. It is not true that were it or what remains of it to disappear entirely the country would solely gain. And it is true that what is left of the *Blôc* does furnish a valuable counterpoise. Outside the much-abused *Blôc* nobody seems to understand abroad, or even in France, that the danger of a much more violent reaction than could be thought of in England always exists in France. Bitter, sallow-faced M. Clemenceau honestly thought, I believe, at Versailles, that he was there to save the Republic. The most extraordinary visit ever paid to a Prime Minister who was candidate to the chieftainship of a State by five former Prime Ministers cannot be explained by mere smallness of character on the part of the chief of those ex-Prime Ministers and their spokesman, M. Clemenceau. They called upon M. Poincaré, and M. Clemenceau said: "Monsieur Pams having obtained fourteen more votes than you at the meeting of the Republican parties, we ask you to retire from the contest in favor of M. Pams, for the sake of the Republic." The Republican vote in question included neither the real Socialists ("Unified") nor the so-called Progressists, who are extreme Conservative Republicans, but cannot fairly be called anti-Republican. Moreover, it was not in the least the business of M. Clemenceau, or of the four other ex-Prime Ministers, to interfere. I suppose that in the game of politics no such amazing move has ever been played before. It was too extraordinary a one not to have been

at least partly honest. M. Clemenceau honestly marched out as the champion of the Republic against Heaven knows what dark schemes for establishing "personal power." He and the other champions gave themselves away by selecting a man like the amiable M. Pams, who could not by any stretch of imagination be conceived to represent anything but cigarette-paper and an invalid wine, the former of which is excellent, while most gourmets dislike the latter. This was a sort of sublimation of a King Log, but my point is that the purpose of M. Clemenceau's party was not dishonest, though the result was absurd.

It was all the more absurd because the ultimate results of the election of January 17th at Versailles cannot go against the very aims of M. Clemenceau. The real reason why, I think, he must have been blinded to a certain extent by envy is the fact that a man of his intelligence should not have seen that Pams was absurd and safe, and Poincaré rational and no less safe. In a very little while—perhaps not M. Clemenceau himself—but those whom he championed at the election, will be reconciled, and M. Poincaré will be the real chief of the State. I feel sure that he himself sees the danger of too many flowers being strewn across his path. For the very reason that he does see it, he will avoid it. To anyone who knows him, nothing can be more absurd than to imagine him using his position to raise himself higher unconstitutionally. In the first place, he has—and a great number of other thinking Frenchmen also have—much too much sense not to know that in this day any attempt to raise himself thus would almost certainly mean a great fall. Moreover, he is not the man of such ambitions, even if he had not the intelligence to understand that he cannot realize them. M. Poincaré will be as constitutional a President as there ever has been in the Third Republic. It is not likely even that he will use to the full the powers which the Constitution gives him, and which are greater than those of the British Crown; though I imagine that if it came to the pass at which he had to use them, he would have the courage to do so. There is a danger of his position being undermined precisely by the tactless panegyrists who repeat louder and louder that he is the strong man. France does not want a strong man in the sense in which a certain section of French society uses the name, and, unless I am very much mistaken, M. Poincaré will be sharp enough to shed these risky friends. After that, his position will be safe, and he may make it a great one. After all, it is not without importance that the man who in the Concert of Europe is for seven years the equivalent of the French sovereign should be the man who for twelve months has not only directed French foreign policy, but often during that time directed the policy of Europe. M. Poincaré could not keep off the Balkan war. He could not prevent the gigantic Austrian bluff. But it was he who gave the best expression to the will of the great Powers before the little countries of the Balkans fell to fighting, and it was he who at the last forced Austria by gentle and persistent persuasion into stating her position in the most favorable way for the peace of Europe. It should not be forgotten that Austria finally did subscribe to M. Poincaré's formula of territorial disinterestedness, while binding him at the time to secrecy, apparently because her acceptation at that moment (the beginning of November) "would look bad." On November 11th M. Poincaré told me that he had just had Austria's acceptation. On December 21st M. Poincaré announced for the first time in the Chamber of Deputies that he had

received that acceptation early in November—I believe, on November 6th. To speak frankly, it has been said that M. Poincaré was too active, that he had forgotten Talleyrand's maxim, "Surtout pas trop de zèle," and that his many enterprising initiatives were only too many and too enterprising, while the results were too few. But an honest observer will say that had it not been for M. Poincaré the past few months would have been still more disturbed, that he has done more than most others, not only for the understanding among the Triple Entente, but for the understanding among all the six Powers, and that the part he has played will compare very favorably with the achievements of Sir Edward Grey, M. Sazonoff, and Count Berchtold. As for Englishmen, in particular, they should not forget that the two truest, and within their compass completest, biographies of their two last monarchs, Queen Victoria and King Edward, were written by M. Poincaré and spoken by him at Nice and Cannes last year. In my own humble opinion (having tried to say some similar things in this *Review* at the time of King Edward's death) M. Poincaré in his speech at Cannes dealing with the political influence of the latter Sovereign, at all events on the Continent, was as right as a certain English biographer a few weeks afterwards was wrong. It is perhaps unnecessary to remind Englishmen also that, as a French statesman, he is one of the chief, most clear-headed and sensible supporters of the understanding with England. One small but useful sign of his friendship towards England has been that of his relations with the English and American correspondents in Paris, with whom he dined a few months ago.

Laurence Jerrold.

The Contemporary Review.

FALSTAFF: THE ENGLISH COMIC GIANT.

Like Hamlet, Tartuffe, Don Quixote, Falstaff has had his worshippers and his exegetists. The character Dr. Johnson did not disdain to dwell on still serves to-day to exercise the critical capacity of the freshman; he is one of the stars in a crowded cast, a human, fallible, lovable creature, and it is not wonderful that so many have asked themselves whether there lurked fineness and piety within his gross frame. But, though "his pyramid rise high unto heaven," it is not everybody has fully realized his psychological enormity, his nationality; the tendency has been to look upon him rather as a man than as a type. I do not contend that it is desirable to magnify type at the expense of personality; far from it, for the personal quality is ever more appealing than the typical, but one should not ignore the generalities which hide in the individual, especially when they are evident. It is remarkable that Dr. Johnson should have so completely avoided this side of Falstaff's character, so remarkable that I venture to quote in full his appreciation of the fat Knight[1]:

"But Falstaff, unimitated, unimitable Falstaff! how shall I describe thee? thou compound of sense and vice; of sense which may be admired, but not esteemed; of vice which may be despised, but hardly detested. Falstaff is a character loaded with faults, and with those faults which naturally produce contempt. He is a thief and a glutton, a coward and a boaster; always ready to cheat the weak, and prey upon the poor; to terrify the timorous,

[1] Following on the second part of "King Henry IV.," Dr. Johnson's Edition, 1765.

and insult the defenceless. At once obsequious and malignant, he satirizes in their absence those whom he lives by flattering. He is familiar with the prince only as an agent of vice; but of this familiarity he is so proud, as not only to be supercilious and haughty with common men, but to think his interest of importance to the Duke of Lancaster. Yet the man thus corrupt, thus despicable, makes himself necessary to the prince that despises him, by the most pleasing of all qualities, perpetual gaiety; by an unfailing power of exciting laughter, which is the more freely indulged, as his wit is not of the splendid or ambitious kind, but consists in easy scrapes and sallies of levity, which make sport, but raise no envy. It must be observed, that he is stained with no enormous or sanguinary crimes, so that his licentiousness is not so offensive but that it may be borne for his mirth."

A judgment such as this one is characteristic of Johnson; it is elaborate, somewhat prejudiced, and very narrow. Johnson evidently saw Falstaff as a mere man, perhaps as one whose ghost he would willingly have taught to smoke a churchwarden at the "Cheshire Cheese." He saw in him neither heroic nor national qualities and would have scoffed at the possibility of their existence, basing himself on his own remark to Boswell: "I despise those who do not see that I am right. . . ."

But smaller men than Johnson have judged Falstaff in a small way. They have concentrated on his comic traits, and considered very little whether he might be dubbed either giant or Englishman: if Falstaff is a diamond they have cut but one or two facets. Now the comic side of Falstaff must not be ignored; if he were incapable of creating laughter, if he could draw from us no more than a smile, as do the heroes of Anatole France, of Sterne or Swift, his gigantic capacity would be affected. It is essential that he should be absurd; it is almost essential that he should be fat, for it is an established fact that humanity laughs gladly at bulk, at men such as Sancho Panza and Mr. Pickwick. It is likely that Shakespeare was aware of our instinct when he caused Hal to call Falstaff "this bed-presser, this horseback-breaker, this huge hill of flesh." In the mathematics of the stage fat=comedy, lean=tragedy; I do not believe that Hamlet was flesh-burdened, even though "fat and scant of breath."

To be fat was, however, but a necessary condition if Falstaff was to be comic. He needed to be what he otherwise was, coarse, salaciously-minded, superstitious, blustering, cowardly and lying; he needed to be a joker, ofttimes a wit, and withal a sleepy drunkard, a butt for pranks. His coarseness is comic, but not revolting, for it centres rather on the human body than on the human emotion; he does not habitually scoff at justice, generosity or faithfulness, even though he be neither just, nor generous, nor faithful: his brutality is a brutality of word rather than thought, one akin to that of our lower classes. Had Falstaff not had an air of the world and a custom of courts he would have typified the lowest classes of our day and perhaps been below those of his own time. His is the coarseness of the drunkard, a jovial and not a maudlin drunkard; when sober he reacts against his own brutality, vows to " . . . purge and leave sack, and live cleanly, as a nobleman should do."

Falstaff led his life by a double thread. Filled with the joy of living, as he understood it, limited by his desires for sack and such as Doll Tearsheet, he was bound too by his stupidity. He was stupid, though crafty, as a cat, an instinctive animal; none but a stupid man could have taken seriously the mockery of the

fairies in Windsor Park; himself it is acknowledges that he is "made an ass." We laugh, and again we laugh when, in silly terror and credulity, he allows the Merry Wives to pack him in the foul linen basket; where Falstaff is, there is also rubicund pleasantry.

In the same spirit we make merry over his cowardice; the cowardice itself is not comic, indeed it would be painful to see him stand and deliver to Gadshill, if the surrender were not prefaced by the deep grumbles of a man who suspects that Hal and Poins have captured his affections with drugs, who acknowledges that "eight yards of uneven ground is threescore and ten miles afoot" with him. The burlesque conceals the despicable, and we fail to sneer because we laugh; we forgive his acceptance of insult at the hands of the Chief Justice's servant: it is not well that a knight should allow a servant to tell him that he lies in his throat, but if leave to do so can be given in jest the insult loses its sting. But Falstaff is more than a coward, he is the coward-type, for he is (like Pistol) the blustering coward. The mean, cringing coward is unskilled at his trade: the true coward is the fat knight who, no sooner convicted of lying as to his fight with highwaymen, of having forgone his booty rather than defend it, can roar that he fears and will obey no man, and solemnly says: "'Zounds! an' I were at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you upon compulsion." The attitude is so simple, so impudent, that we laugh, forgive. And we forgive because such an attitude could not be struck with confidence save by a giant.

A giant he is, this comic and transparent man. There is nothing unobtrusive in Falstaff's being; his feelings and his motives are so large as to be unmistakable. His jolly brutality and mummery of pride are in themselves almost enough to ensure him the crown of Goliath, but add to these the poetry wrapped in his lewdness, the idealistic gallantry which follows hard upon his crudity, add that he is lawless because he is adventurous, add simplicity, bewilderment, and cast over this temperament a web of wistful philosophy: then Falstaff stands forth enormous and alone.

Falstaff is full of gross, but artistic glee; for him life is epic and splendid, and his poetic temperament enables him to discover the beauty that is everywhere. It may be that Henry IV. rightly says: "riot and dishonor stain the brow of my young Harry," but it may be also that the young prince is not unfortunate in a companion who can find grace in highwaymen: " . . . let us not that are squires of the night's body be called thieves of the day's beauty: l t us be Diana's foresters, gentlemen of the shade, minions of the moon; and let men say, we be men of good government, being governed as the sea is, by our noble and chaste mistress the moon, under whose countenance we steal." Falstaff is big with the love of life and ever giving birth to it; he is the spirit of the earth, a djinn released whom none may bottle. Because of this he is lawless; he cannot respect the law, for he can respect no limits; he bursts out from the small restrictions of man as does his mighty paunch from his leather belt. It is hopeless to try to abash him; force even, as embodied in the Chief Justice, does not awe him overmuch, so well does he know that threats will not avail to impair his pleasure. Falstaff in gaol would make merry with the gaolers, divert them with quips, throw dice and drink endlessly the sack they would offer him for love. He cannot be daunted, feeling too deeply that he holds the ball of the world between his short arms; once only does Fal-

staff's big, gentle heart contract, when young Hal takes ill his kindly cry: "God save thee, my sweet boy!" He is assured that he will be sent for in private, and it is in genuine pain rather than fear he cries out: "My lord, my lord!" when committed to the Fleet.

In this simple faith lies much of Falstaff's gigantic quality. To believe everything, to be gullible, in brief to be as nearly as may be an instinctive animal, that is to be great. I would not have Falstaff skeptical; he must be credulous, faithfully become the ambassador of Ford to Ford's wife, and be deceived, and again deceived; he must believe himself loved of all women, of Mistress Ford or Mistress Page or Doll Tearsheet; he must readily be fooled, pinched, pricked, singed, ridiculously arrayed in the clothes of Mother Prat. One moment of doubt, a single enquiry, and the colossus would fall from his pedestal, become as mortal and suspicious men. But there is no downfall; he believes and, breasting through the sea of ridicule, he holds Mistress Ford in his arms for one happy moment, the great moment which even a rain of potatoes from the sky could not spoil. It could not, for there echoes in Falstaff's mind the sweet tune of "Green Sleeves":

"Greensleeves was all my joy,
Greensleeves was my delight,
Greensleeves was my heart of gold,
And who but Lady Greensleeves?"

It is natural that such a temperament should, in the ordinary sense, breed lies. Falstaff does and does not lie; like Tartarin he probably suffers from mirage and, when attacked by highwaymen, truly sees them as a hundred when, in fact, they are but two. But he is not certain, he is too careless of detail, he readily responds when it is suggested he lies and makes the hundred into a mere sixteen. Falstaff the artist is either unconscious of exaggeration, therefore truthful, or takes a childish pleasure in exaggerating; he is a giant, therefore may exaggerate, for all things are small relatively to him. If the ocean could speak none would reproach it if it said that fifty inches of rain had fallen into its bosom within a single hour, for what would it matter? one inch or fifty, what difference would that make to the ocean? Falstaff is as the ocean; he can stand upon a higher pedestal of lies than can the mortal, for it does not make him singular. Indeed it is this high pedestal of grossness, lying and falsity makes him great; no small man would dare to erect it; Falstaff dares, for he is unashamed.

He is unashamed, and yet not quite unconscious. I will not harp on the glimmerings that pierce through the darkness of his vanity: if anything they are injurious, for they drag him down to earth; Shakespeare evidently realized that these glimmerings made Falstaff more human, introduced them with intention, for he could not know that he was creating a giant, a Laughter God, who should be devoid of mortal attributes. But these flecks are inevitable, and perhaps normal in the human conception of the extra-human: the Greek Gods and Demigods, too, had their passions, their envies and their tantrums. Falstaff bears these small mortalities and bears them easily with the help of his simple, sincere philosophy.

It is pitiful to think of Falstaff's death, in the light of his philosophy. According to Mr. Rowe,[1] "though it be extremely natural, 'it' is yet as diverting as any part of his life." I do not think so, for hear Mistress Quickly, the wife of Pistol: "Nay, sure, he's not in hell: he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. A' made a finer end, and went away, an it had been any christom child; a'

[1] "Account of the Life and Writings of Shakespeare."

parted just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' the tide: for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way; for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and a' babbled of green fields. 'How now, Sir John!' quoth I: 'what, man! be of good cheer!' So a' cried out, 'God, God, God!' three or four times: now I, to comfort him, bid him a' should not think of God; I hoped there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts yet. So a' bade me lay more clothes on his feet; I put my hand into the bed, and felt them, and they were as cold as any stone; then I felt to his knees, and so upward, and upward, and all was as cold as any stone."

It is an incredible tale. Falstaff to die, to be cold, to call mournfully upon his God . . . it is pitiful, and as he died he played with flowers, those things nearest to his beloved earth. For he loved the earth; he had the traits of the peasant, his lusts, his simplicity, his coarseness and his unquestioning faith. His guide was a rough and jovial Epicureanism, which rated equally with pleasure the avoidance of pain; Falstaff loved pleasure but was too simple to realize that pleasure had to be paid for; the giant wanted or the giant did not want, and there was an end of the matter. He viewed life so plainly that he was ready to juggle with words and facts, so as to square it with his desires; thus, when honor offended him, he came to believe there was no honor, to refuse God the death he owed him because of honor: "Yea, but how if honor prick me off when I come on? how then? Can honor set a leg? No. Or an arm? No. Or take away the grief of a wound? No. Honor hath no skill in surgery then? No. Who hath it? he that died o' Wednesday. Doth he feel it? No. Doth he hear it? No. It is insensible then? Yea, to the dead. But will it not live with the living? No. Why? Detraction will not suffer it. Therefore I'll none of it; honor is a mere scutcheon; and so ends my catechism."

Casuist! But he was big enough to deceive himself. Such casuistry was natural to the Englishman of Falstaff's day, who took his Roman Catholicism as literally as any Sicilian peasant may take his to-day. Of Falstaff's unquestioning faith there is no doubt at all; his familiar modes of address of the Deity, his appeal when dying, his probable capacity for robbing a friar and demanding of him absolution, all these are indications of a simplicity so great that casuistry alone could rescue him from the perilous conclusions drawn from his faith. This is a difficulty, for Falstaff is not entirely the Englishman of to-day; he is largely the boisterous, Latinized Englishman of the pre-Reformation period; he is almost the typical Roman Catholic, who preserved through his sinful life a consciousness that faith would save him. But the human sides of Falstaff are wholly English; his love of meat and drink, his sleepiness, his gout, his coarseness (which was free from depravity), all these live to-day in the average Englishman of the well-to-do-classes, that Englishman who dislikes the motor-car but keeps a hunter he is too fat to ride, who prefers suet pudding to any hotel *bavaroise*, and who, despite his gout (inherited from Falstaff), is still a judge of port.

That Englishman is not quite Falstaff, for he has lost his gaiety; he does not dance round the maypole of Merrie England; he is oppressed by cares and expenditures, he fears democracy and no longer respects aristocracy: the old banqueting-hall in which Falstaff rioted is tumbling about his ears. Yet he contains the

Falstaffian elements and preciously preserves them. He is no poet, but he still enshrines within him, to burst out from among his sons, the rich lyrical verse which, Mr. Chesterton truly says, belongs primarily to the English race. The poetry which runs through Falstaff is still within us, and his philosophy radiates from our midst. The broad tolerances of England, her taste for liberty and ease, her occasional bluster and her boundless conceit, all these are Falstaffian traits and would be eternal if admixture of Celtic blood did not slowly modify them. Falstaff contains all that is gross in England and much that is fine; his cowardice, his craft, his capacity for flattery are qualifying factors, for they are not English, any more than they are Chinese: they are human, common. But the outer Falstaff is English, and the lawless root of him is yet more English, for there is not a race in the world hates the law more than the English race. Thus the inner, adventurous Falstaff is the Englishman who conquered every sea and planted his flag among the savages; he is perhaps the Englishman who went out to those savages with the Bible in his hand; he is the unsteady boy who ran away to sea, the privateersman who fought the French and the Dutch; he is the cheerful, greedy, dull and obstinate Englishman, who is so wonderfully stupid and so wonderfully full of commonsense. Falstaff was never crushed by adversity: no more was the English race; it was, like him, too vain and too optimistic, too materially bounded by its immediate desires. It is not, therefore, too wild to claim him as the gigantic ancestor and kindly inspiration of the priests, merchants and soldiers who have conquered and held fields where never floated the lilies of the French or the castles of the Portuguese. Too dull to be beaten and too big to be moved, Falstaff was the Englishman.

W. L. George.

The British Review.

THE FATE OF AN OLD MASTER:

A COUNCIL SCHOOL IDYL.

I.

Of all the masters at Chignett Street School Mr. Salter was the oldest, the least successful, and the most unpopular. No one seemed to know exactly how long he had taught there, but none of the estimates were under twenty-five years. And now, among a young, vigorous staff, he seemed a kind of antediluvian survival, a man with whom his colleagues were as much out of touch and out of sympathy as he was with the boys.

It had not always been so. Thirty years before—for the highest estimate was less than the truth—he had come to the school a smart, strong young fellow with a London B. A. and a fair experience already. Life looked bright enough then, and he had not begun to repent that he had chosen schoolmastering as his profession.

Yet even in those early days there were signs, for seeing eyes, of what was to come. He was always a little rough and ill-groomed in appearance, and his way of speaking was apt to be short and brusque. If anything went wrong in the class, he soon grew fidgety and impatient, and his discipline was never anything to boast of. Then his interest in education was quite perfunctory, and the human boy, as such, had no attraction for him.

As time went by, his temper grew no sweeter, and the routine of school work that had been merely monotonous became almost intolerable. Out-

side the school walls life dealt with him not too gently, and in his home he found no balm for the worries of school. His one solace, his great amusement, was the pencil. Not that he had ever distinguished himself during his training in any of the educational varieties of art. "Freehand," "Model," and all the rest, he had practised and taught them with fair success and perfect indifference. But for thumb-nail sketches, for hasty impressions, for grotesque caricatures, often ill-drawn but always full of life and "go," he had a talent not far removed from genius. Mr. Home, one of the former Chignett Street headmasters, had been delighted with some of these sketches and had urged him to try to make a little money by them. Fired with a new hope Mr. Salter had made several attempts, but in his ignorance of the market for such work he sent to the wrong places, and a few rebuffs quenched his ambitions and left him several degrees more soured than before. Still, those were what he afterwards came to look back upon as his halcyon days, for the knowledge that the headmaster appreciated his talent was a wonderful stimulus and consolation. Mr. Home, of course, was quite aware of his assistant's shortcomings as a teacher, but he went far out of his way to help him and cover his failings. It was when the kindly, easy-going headmaster was transferred to another school that Mr. Salter's evil days began. Mr. Worth, his successor, was a man of a very different type—keen, firm, energetic, with a fixed determination to work up Chignett Street to the plane of the Scholarship school. At the same time, he was neither unjust nor unkind, and when he saw how the land lay, he tried hard by friendly advice and persuasion to effect an improvement. Unfortunately, Mr. Salter met every such attempt by references to what Mr. Home used to wish, and say, and do, and when the new master was at last goaded into reminding him that a change of men often involved other changes too, the assistant resented the remark as an implied censure on his former chief. Changes were made in the staff, and the new masters were young men fresh from college. Gradually Mr. Salter drifted down to the lowest standards, where Mr. Worth thought he could do least harm. Then Mr. Westondale, the Government Inspector, after many hints and at least one warning, felt constrained to mention Mr. Salter's class as the exception to the otherwise excellent progress being made at Chignett Street. And now another visit was nearly due, and there had been no improvement. Worse still, Mr. Westondale had retired, and a new Inspector had taken his place, a young man with all the newest ideas buzzing in his bonnet. A second bad report would mean either Mr. Salter's removal to another school or—more probably—his being placed on the list of supply teachers. The headmaster was troubled in mind and heart. The one told him that the bad report would be an excellent thing for the school in general and for Standard II. in particular. The other asked him what chance such a man as Mr. Salter would have, at his age, under new and more difficult conditions. It reminded him, too, that the unfortunate master was rapidly approaching the age for compulsory retirement. On the whole, he looked forward with fear rather than with hope to the new Inspector's appearance.

II.

Among the boys who had the doubtful advantage of learning arithmetic from Mr. Salter was one named Merridew. He was a thin slip of a lad who came from a good home and was always clean and neatly dressed. His

eyes, if anything a little too bright, and his fair skin, that flushed or paled at a smile or a frown, gave him an air of delicacy. As a small child, indeed, he had spent a long time in the hospital, and as a consequence he had come to school very late and had many arrears to overtake. But in most subjects he was very quick, and as he was nearly nine, Mr. Worth put him into Standard III. at once, sending him down to Standard II. for arithmetic, at which he seemed curiously dull.

One morning, about a week before the expected visit of the Inspector, an unfortunate incident occurred during this lesson. Mr. Salter had been kept awake most of the night by a fit of neuralgia and was unusually irritable even for him. The boys, of course, divined at once, by that mysterious sixth sense of the schoolroom, that something was amiss, and were as noisy and restless and inattentive as a Second Standard can be. Before the lesson was half over, four boys were standing out, two were in tears from raps on the knuckles, and the punishment book and cane had been sent for.

It was Merridew who was the messenger of doom. As he came back with the book and the squat little stick, there was a faint titter from one corner. Merridew put the book on the table and before laying the cane beside it made a little mock-threatening gesture with it towards the corner. Unluckily Mr. Salter, who was pacing up and down the room, saw the gesture and the smile that accompanied it.

"You, too," he growled, as the boy turned into his corner seat, and, pouncing on him, administered a smart box on the ear. Merridew was stooping, and the unexpected blow toppled him over. He fell, and caught the side of his face against the edge of the desk. As he got up, crying, the blood was running from an ugly graze. Just at that moment the door opened and Mr. Worth came in.

Instantly the anger passed from Mr. Salter's face and dismay showed instead. It was not the first or the second time that the question of irregular punishment had arisen in connection with Standard II., and in his precarious position the unfortunate teacher felt that he had probably sealed his own fate.

As it happened, Mr. Worth had not noticed the expression of Mr. Salter's face, but Merridew's quick eyes had seen.

"Why, what's the matter?" the headmaster asked, going up to the lad. "How ever did you manage that?"

"I slipped down, sir, as I was going to my place, and hit against there," answered Merridew in a very low voice, pointing to the desk.

"You had better go down stairs and wash your face," said Mr. Worth. "You haven't been making a butter-slide, have you?"

At this sally there was, of course, "laughter in Court," for human nature is very much the same in the boy and in the man.

III.

That afternoon, in the playground, Mr. Salter found an opportunity of speaking to Merridew. The boy looked rather frightened when his master came up to him, but the expression of his face soon changed.

"I didn't mean to hit you so hard, Merridew," said Mr. Salter. "I am sorry about your face. Does it hurt you still?"

The boy looked up with a friendly smile.

"Oh no, sir, not now. I can hardly feel it at all."

"That's a good thing," said the teacher, and then there was an awkward little pause. Mr. Salter had

something else to say, but he seemed to find some difficulty in saying it.

"Look here, Merridew," he said at last, "you seem to find those sums very hard. If you come in to me at half-past four I'll try to show you how to do them."

"Thank you, sir," said the boy, looking a little doubtful, "I'll come."

He kept his word, and together they tackled a very simple little problem which involved nothing more serious than a long-division sum.

"A man has a bag containing 350 nuts. He puts 40 into his own pocket for himself. The rest he divides equally among his six children. How many did each get and how many were left in the bag?"

"Now, look here," said the teacher, taking a piece of chalk and drawing a comic figure on the blackboard, "there's the man with the nuts. Did you ever see anyone like him?"

"Oh, sir!" exclaimed the lad, in wonder and admiration, as, with a few deft touches, a capital likeness of Mr. Salter himself appeared on the board.

"And here," went on the teacher, enjoying the boy's enjoyment, "are the six children."

"Oh, that's Golden," cried the boy, "its 'im to a T. And that's Dick Wright and that's Porter. Oh, sir, how do you do it? That's Waylett—it's just as if he were speaking. 'Oo's that? I don't know him—yes, I do—is it me, sir? Do I look like that?"

And, somehow or other, the sum was done in no time.

IV.

Merridew was not a reticent lad, and before the next day was over every boy in Standard II. knew that the pavement artist in colored chalks outside the park railings wasn't "in it" with Mr. Salter. Every time he went to the blackboard all eyes were fixed on him with strained attention, and he felt, without in the least understanding, a new note of respect in the way the boys answered him. At first he thought it was fancy, but when he found that the improvement lasted over the week-end, he was fairly puzzled.

On Tuesday morning the Arithmetic class were confronted with a terrible problem—"How many pairs of boots at 7*s.* 6*d.* per pair can be bought for 47*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.*?" One budding wrangler, by the simple process of multiplying the two sums—not quite accurately—had announced as the answer "335 pairs," while another by an equally simple division reduced the number to six pairs. Gloom appeared on many faces and the temperature began to rise. Then Merridew held up his hand with a timid but appealing smile on his face.

"Yes, Merridew, what is it?" asked the teacher.

"Please, sir," stammered the boy, flushing very red, "will you draw something on the board about boots? We could do it then."

Just now Merridew was a favorite, and his faith in the drawing-cure pleased Mr. Salter. So did a little buzz of "Do, sir," "Oh please, sir," that came faint but distinct from many forms.

"Very well," he said. "It's all nonsense; you ought to be able to work it in your heads, but this once I'll do what you want."

And taking a piece of chalk, he walked to the blackboard and drew a shop-front, with rows of boots—great heavy clogs, elegant pointed toes, ladies' boots with high heels, and tiny children's shoes. In the middle was an enormous pair of Wellingtons with a label attached—"Our Special Line—7*s.* 6*d.*" At the door stood a man with a bag in one hand, and in the other a huge purse on which were the figures 47*l.* 12*s.* 6*d.* Looking on, were three

boys—figures only, without heads.

"Now," said Mr. Salter, "the first three boys to get the right answer shall have their faces put on the board."

Instantly the whole class fell to work with furious concentration.

"Is that your usual method of teaching arithmetic, Mr. Salter?" said a strange voice, and the astonished teacher turned round to see a tall, brisk man with the official stamp upon him, quite unmistakably. It was evidently the new Inspector, a day or two before his time.

"If the idea's right it couldn't be better done," Mr. Turton went on, without noticing the teacher's confusion. "It's certainly very up-to-date. Now I'll just ask the boys a question or two."

Almost all the questions had to do with the boot-shop, and the boys, interested and excited, showed at their very best.

"Now I'll wait to see the first face put on," said Mr. Turton. In two or three minutes a boy in the front row held up his hand and gave the correct answer. He had a fat face with a great shock of black hair.

Mr. Salter looked to the Inspector.

"Yes, please," said Mr. Turton.

It was an easy likeness to catch, and half a dozen strokes did it. The Inspector led the shout of laughter.

"Go d morning, Mr. Salter," he said. "I've enjoyed myself immensely. You certainly have the courage of your opinions."

Mr. Salter pondered long over this little speech, and the more he pondered the less he liked it.

In due course, the printed report of His Majesty's Inspector reached the school. It was, on the whole, a satisfactory document. After praising the general tone and efficiency of the work, it went on: "I have great pleasure in calling special attention to the excellence of the work in the lower standards. Mr. Salter, in particular, shows by his strikingly clever and original use of graphic methods in teaching arithmetic that he is fully abreast of the most recent ideas in pedagogics. The brightness and intelligence of the boys in Standard II. do him the greatest credit."

"Talk about miracles!" exclaimed Mr. Worth, when he read this astonishing report. "After that, I'll believe anything."

B. Paul Neuman.

The Cornhill Magazine.

GEORGE FREDERICK WATTS.*

The life of George Frederick Watts is the happy story of a devotee. Art was his mistress in the strictest sense. He served her from youth to age, in poverty and in competence, in sickness and in health. He sought no rewards, declined outward distinctions, and was not thirsty for fame. There is something inspiring in the study of a life so consistent in its aim, so patient and strenuous in labor, as dignified in its early obscurity as in the high noon of success and recognition.

Nothing dignifies a life so much as some disinterested passion. But how few there are who preserve to the end the mental attitude of "the devout lover," who never exchange their hopes, or forget to keep the candles burning at their shrine! Watts was one of the few. His life was in a peculiar degree "all of one piece." He had the good fortune to exemplify that saying of Ruskin, that the business of an

* George Frederick Watts: The Annals of an Artist's Life. By M. S. Watts. Two Volumes. Writings, One Volume. (Macmillan.)

artist is to know what he wants to do, and to do it. He knew from the beginning what he wanted to do, and followed his vocation; while he fully realized that success in any ordinary sense was the most unlikely thing in the world.

"My own views are too visionary, and the qualities I aim at are too abstract to be attained, or perhaps to produce any effect if attained. My instincts cause me to strive after things that are hardly within the province of art, things that are rather felt than seen."

This sounds like the voice of discouragement; it was really the voice of calm resolution. He never doubted his instincts, never turned his steps aside to follow an easier path, but always breasted the hill. Through life his health was delicate, but his will to work was indomitable. "I do not believe in any real enjoyment outside work, or interest belonging to it," he said.

When he was young he used to forsake his bed, because sleeping in comfort robbed him of the first daylight hours; and he preferred to lie wrapped in rugs on the hard floor, so as to waken early and begin work. When he was old and frail,—for he lived to be eighty-seven, and painted to the end,—the same spirit made him impatient of the dark winter mornings.

"How I wish it was time to begin work again," he would sigh.

It is generally in those of a delicate constitution that the impulse to labor unceasingly is found. Watts never had health or strength; the reposeful ease of a sound constitution was impossible to him. His work was exhausting, but he had no pleasure in anything else. "Ars longa, vita brevis est," the trite saying must have been impressed on the very texture of his brain. All his work was adventurous, for to the end he was laboring to learn, and never resting on anything already achieved. In art "there is everything to be learnt, and very little to be taught," he would say. And he preferred to learn alone. He belonged to no school, modern or mediæval; or rather, as he said himself, he had learnt in no school but one, that of Pheidias. His advice to a young student was:

"Go and look at the old masters, not to copy them but to admire them; look at Nature and be yourself. Learn the principles of art, but never mind about the rules. They may be broken, and are by every great painter; the principles are fundamental."

His own admiration of what was great in art had the fervency of a deeply original mind. Once, when standing before Holbein's great portrait of the Duchess of Milan, he observed:

"Conscience seems to have gone away from modern art: consciousness has taken its place."

Now this remark shows exactly why Watts stands outside—if we may not say above—all his contemporaries. What they so highly valued as the end and aim, he only admitted as the means. He labored as hard as any man living to acquire that technical skill which is never acquired except by the sweat of the brow. Only an artist knows what the cost is of training

"la man' che ubbedisce all' intelletto,"

and to Watts the cost was dearer than to most, because of his want of health. But it was his rooted conviction that no work, even of the highest technical skill, had any value permanently as a work of art unless all the material facts were subordinated to the expression of that particular state of feeling which the artist desired to create. No presentment, however dexterous, of the external aspect only could content him, in his own work or that of others. It pained him to hear that a Frenchman

of genius, M. Coquelin, took precisely the opposite view. As a friend reported:

"In common with his nation he can only be appealed to—can only be touched—by reality in what he has seen, rather than what he may have felt, and he vehemently protests against art being an expression of very elevated or abstract thought. He thinks that you should stand before a picture, and that it should tell you the clearest, simplest story, and that it should appeal to you by its style and execution—by its being *masterly*. That Velasquez, Rembrandt, Holbein, Titian did not stir you by the subject or by the ideas embodied in the painting, but because they were supreme masters of pencil, brush effects, and composition."

This is a logical and comprehensible theory of art, which will always have defenders and adherents. Materialism in any shape has a kind of plausibility. But the art of Watts was of a spiritual quality; hence probably the discomfort it caused to minds of a certain type. There is no logical defence for spiritual aspiration in art; but here was a painter who said with perfect simplicity that his whole aim was to prove that art, "like music and poetry, may suggest the noblest and tenderest thoughts, inspiring and awakening, if only for a time, the highest sensibilities of our nature."

Such was his aim. But was it achieved?

To decide this, we must look at some of his most characteristic work; at his "Love and Death," for instance.

In this picture Love, like a young angel, beautiful but helpless, is stretching out his soft arms and rainbow-tinted wings to guard the door of the beloved from Death. The tall form of Death is grey and cold as a snow-cloud; majestic, irresistible, he stands very close to the door. In one moment he will enter; his icy shadow is falling upon Love, the roses at the porch are withering. But the white, night-scented jessamine is breathing sweetness, and the dove of peace does not leave the doorstep. Death moves very slowly, inexorably forward. His head is bent, his face veiled, and the right arm stretched out to clear his way has a mysterious gesture of benediction. Not only is he stronger than Love, he is more tender. That is the sense of the picture.

Another of his best known works is the picture of "Hope," a woman's figure, seated above the world, golden-haired, blind-folded,—"for what a man seeth why doth he yet hope for?" There is a lyre in her hands, of which every string is broken except one. She has struck the last string and with downbent head is straining to hear if it responds. One star only is shining in the sky—a last hope. The figure is robed in blue, and her white limbs gleam like moonlight through a mist. The world is wrapped in bands of cloud.

"If I could carry out my own feeling perfectly, my pictures would be solemn and monumental in character, noble and beautiful in form, and rich in color; but the subtle varieties of sunlight I should never aim at producing. I can see in nature what Turner saw, and can appreciate the excellence of his imitation, but my natural tendency is to see nature with such eyes as Giorgione and Titian had: I see only with their eyes, but do not work with their brains and hands. Alas!"

This he wrote to a friend who had vainly tried to induce him to undertake a commission for a portrait. But he felt that—

"Nature did not intend me for a portrait-painter, and if I have painted portraits decently, it is because I have tried so very hard; but it has ever cost me more labor to paint a portrait than to paint a subject-picture. I have given it up in sheer weariness: now,

come what may, my time must in future be devoted to the endeavor to carry out some of my large designs, and if I fail either to make a living or to do anything worthy of an artist (as I understand the term), I fail, but I submit to the drudgery of portrait-painting no longer."

He saw other artists, his contemporaries, submitting to it; letting their highest powers lie idle while they made the one appeal, which is quite sure of response, to human vanity. Perhaps they thought it more important to live than Watts did. But when the life which is by bread alone has been secured, it is sometimes too late to revive those higher powers that have perished for want of using. To Watts it never seemed worth while to do anything except the best work that was in him, without counting the cost; and this whether he was engaged upon one of his great designs, or making studies in pencil of mountain-forms, or the leafage of brambles.

"To produce great things one ought to be intent only upon doing one's utmost, and never stop to consider whether the thing be great or little in the abstract."

There spoke the true artist, who is also the unconscious moralist and missionary. For it is the essence of the worldly spirit to be always counting the cost and calculating the result. Watts was the most disinterested of men. Though he declined to paint portraits for a living, he painted them for love. Many of the great and representative men of his time sat to him for their portraits, and by intervals during many years he painted a wonderful series of those men of whom England can be proud; men of arms, of science, and of letters,—Tennyson, Carlyle, Manning, Clark, Liddell, Jowett, Meredith, Lord Roberts and others. All of these he intended to present to the National Portrait Gallery, an offering of pure patriotism; and the splendid bequest was actually made in his lifetime. Not portraits only, but the best of his pictures were given as well, and because they were the best.

"I do not want any recognition, now or in the future," he wrote, "excepting that which is due to my desire to throw my mite into the scale with those who endeavor to aid the cause of real progress. I have long been accustomed to look probabilities in the face. Perhaps a day may come when it may be thought there was more presumption and vanity in leaving these pictures to the nation than anything else."

In saying that he wanted no recognition, he was perfectly sincere. He was incapable of self-advertisement, and declined to be "interviewed." He declined a public banquet once, and twice he declined a baronetcy. His one desire was to work, and to work in peace, surrounded by the friends he loved. "If only I could do better work!" was the sum of his discontent. He might have made large sums of money by his pictures. On one occasion he was offered literally his own price for a certain work, by a wealthy purchaser. This decided him that the picture was worthy of being presented among his gifts to the nation, and he declined to sell it. Another person desired to possess some of his works, and wrote to tell him so. He replied—

"Flattered as I must be by your wish to buy some of my pictures, I feel great difficulty about taking advantage of your newly awakened taste. It is possible you may hereafter regret spending money upon works which may never be generally cared for; at the same time, as I naturally think my direction a right one, or I should not follow it, and—as I am desirious of giving an impulse to taste for art of a graver and nobler character than that which is characteristic of the English school, you shall have such pictures of

mine as you may take a fancy to, upon the understanding that I take them back at the same price if you should change your opinion of them, or grow tired of them."

It was a sportsmanlike offer. But as this particular friend remained firm in his desire, and persisted for years in trying to possess himself of as many pictures as possible, Watts had to warn him repeatedly of his grave imprudence, while returning his cheques.

One does not feel much surprise at the devotion of his many friends. He had much affection for and great patience with them all, even when they interrupted his work. The quiet painter, with his slight frame, his courteous speech, his delicate, illuminated face, was a kind of inspiration to very many without being actually aware of it. He admired them excessively, the many distinguished and useful men, the yet greater number of lovely and gifted ladies, who thronged about him with love and observance. He took it all as naturally as it was given, and wondered sometimes at the goodness of his friends. Faithful and affectionate as he was, yet he did not live for friendship, but for his art. That something "of a graver and nobler character," which was his perpetual aim, lifted his whole life to a higher plane, since for him it was impossible to separate his life and art.

"One principle is under all. . . . religion . . . art . . . politics . . . are all one in fundamental principle. This is to me a truth that pervades and penetrates all life."

In the year 1887 he spent six months in Egypt and in Greece with his wife. "When you have seen Greece and Egypt you have got the key-note to all that is beautiful in art," he said. The blue depths of the Bay of Salamis and the matchless proportions of the Parthenon rejoiced his eyes and filled his mind. He was always sensitive to the relations between beauty and the higher emotions.

"Here in Athens," he said, "one realizes that great art and great nature are one. The emotional beauty of the work of Pheidias is of the class of emotion produced by great nature. A touch more would have taken away from its serenity, and lost something of that effect of sacredness that is produced in the mind. From the Parthenon I would pass without a change of feeling through a gallery of work by Titian, Tintoret, or Giorgione; Raphael perhaps less, except in the 'San Sisto,' and even in that picture there is a coldness in the line, though the sentiment goes even more into the blue than these Greek sculptures do. Michael Angelo wanted to give a stronger emotion, and so sacrificed serenity . . . ."

'Praxiteles he thought could not touch Pheidias for the reason that the mind of Pheidias was occupied with form, that which is the greatest intellectual effort: the surface—the finish was nothing to him in comparison: but the beauty of the work of Praxiteles is on the surface, he cared to give a face, and this to Watts' mind proved decadence.'

We may gather a great deal of the artist's inner mind from these impressions. They were the strongest impressions of his life, spoken at a crisis of enthusiasm. From his earliest working days he had called Pheidias his only master, and had reverently studied the Elgin Marbles. His instinct was for the beauty of the abstract line, and by this his work attained a rare solemnity and impressiveness. His feeling for color was absolutely original and poetic; there was nothing imitative, nothing sensational about it. An acute friend, who knew him well, once observed that the finer balance in his mind of the analytic and the creative reason seemed to result in his artistic com-

bination of pure form with romantic feeling. This may have been so, or it may only have seemed to be. Nothing is more difficult than to account for the particular direction of the sense of beauty in any human mind. The attempt has a strong temptation for certain critics. Yet their labors but seldom attain to anything final or important. Who has ever accounted for the poet Keats, that true-bred Cockney with the soul of a Greek, and not a word of his language?

One can imagine that if it had pleased the fates to have given Watts a Hebrew grandfather, a Greek grandmother, and one Italian parent, the ingenious critic who yearns to account for everything would have been well pleased.

"See the strong religious bent of his mind," he would have said;—"the intense seriousness, the preoccupation with eternal issues of Life, and Death, and Judgment,—clearly an inheritance from the Hebrew. Then the love of noble form, the unerring sense of proportion and dignity, the serene calm,—clearly an inheritance from the Greek. Lastly, the sense of color, rich, mysterious, and totally unlike the coloring of any of his English contemporaries, the result of the Italian strain in his blood, clearly enough."

However, as the case stands, we do not know—for Watts himself did not know—of any foreign strain in his blood; so

"In spite of all temptations
To belong to other nations,
He remains an Englishman."

Therefore it behoves the humble observer, who is far from ingenious and nothing of a critic, to recognize simply that England has produced a very great poet and painter, and to be thankful accordingly.

He never wrote a line of verse, as far as we are aware. He used to say that he was denied the power to express his ideas in words; and this was true enough, in spite of the charm and range of his conversation, and the cultivated intellect exhibited in his few occasional writings. For if a man's poetic force lies in his painting it is quite certain that only his secondary powers will find expression in words. Two notable exceptions to this rule will at once occur to every reader's mind, and will serve to prove the truth of the general principle. It is, of course, likely to irritate some people if one declares a painter to be a poet because of the wideness of the term and the impossibility of demonstrating the claim. But there seems to be no other expression for the very highest quality of the imagination than the word poetic: some painters have a right to the word and some have not. Titian, for instance, one of the very greatest painters whom the world has produced, was in no sense a poet. That Tintoretto was a poet anyone who has spent a single hour looking at his paintings in the Scuola di San Rocco in Venice will confidently affirm. And yet, if the three greatest painters of the world were to be named, Titian would certainly be placed among the three, and Tintoretto as certainly would not. What does this prove except that the finest flower of the imagination is a thing separate from the highest skill in execution? Our English Turner was a poet in his painting. If all the rest of his works were lost to the world, two pictures alone would prove this claim, "The Building of Carthage" and "The Fighting Téméraire Tugged to her Last Berth." But who would think of making the claim for Constable?—in spite of his strong hold on our affections and the fine truthfulness of his work. For Watts we make the claim without hesitation. All his painting

was poetic. It takes hold of the spectator less through the eyes than through the mind. For all the nobility of his ideal forms, for all the soft splendor of their coloring, it is not their beauty chiefly that fills our minds as we gaze at them; but we are lifted beyond the sense of any individual beauty to a region of strange and clear perceptions where we think the painter's thought, half forgetting what our eyes are bent on. It is precisely as when, in reading great poetry at some rare, propitious moment, we become inspired with the poet's mind, and his words begin to sound faintly as palpitating visions throng our souls.

This indeed was the very aim which Watts set before himself in all his work. He did not desire to paint the outside but the inside of his subject. A patient student of nature, he made endless studies not as a copyist makes them, but in order that he might "carry nature in his mind rather than in his eye," as he said himself. He rejected realism, because he thought that in painting anything so as to look natural, higher qualities had to be sacrificed, and the artist's business was to learn the limits of his art so thoroughly as to discern what was essential from what was superficial.

"There are two sets of realities—the mental and the material," he observed.

He would not use the living model in painting his great designs. He did not need it, for his memory was very strong, and his mind stored with the harvest of many years' incessant observation. It is hardly relevant to remark that other painters could not work in this fashion. Undoubtedly they could not; and no one would cousel them to do so. We may be thankful that Watts could. How else should we have had such a thing as "The Angel of Death Crowning Innocence?"

A gentle angel, robed like a cloud of night, bends over an infant cradled upon her knees; the great shadowy wings are lifted so as to make a shelter and a shield, one strong arm is round the helpless form, the other hand softly draws a ring of light round the young, cold brows.

This picture is like only one other thing that is known in the realm of art, Hans Andersen's matchless story of "Death and the Mother."

It seems quite natural to hear that many times the painter received letters, often unsigned, from those whose grief had been softened by means of his pictures, and who desired to thank him. Such letters were his greatest reward.

It seems natural, too, to find that his pictures stamped themselves upon the memory, and remained shining in their fresh hues of beauty when other works, once admired, faded like old photographs and were forgotten. A young man of a rather enthusiastic turn of mind, though untrained in art, used to visit the Spring Exhibitions in London yearly as a matter of course, until it happened that the business of his life removed him to the far wilds of North-Western Canada, where for several years he remained without sight or reminder of pictures, music, or any of the arts. When I met him among the foothills of the Rockies, he told me the plain, unvarnished tale of his recollections of the Spring Exhibitions.

"I got a good deal of pleasure out of them at the time," he said, "but it's odd how little of it has remained with me. I remember the painters' names, too, and how tightly they stuck to their favorite subjects." (I suppress the names, perhaps needlessly.) "There was one who always painted a choppy blue sea under a

north wind; sometimes it got a bit lumpier, but otherwise there was no change from year to year. There was one who always painted a stretch of pale sand, and three birch trees; he never allowed four. I got tired of them. There was one who always painted a lady in satin; sometimes she was young and sometimes old, but sure to be in satin; and then there was the man who always painted Greek girls, and a marble bath, or a marble bench. I got into a habit of looking out for the stain in the marble, because he always put in a stain, and did it uncommonly well; and I looked out for his girl with the red hair, and *she* was there too, every time. The President would have something brilliant and beautiful, but not quite alive. His people were all—

'Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null,
Dead perfection, no more;'—

but of course he was mighty clever. The fact is, I can't *recall* those pictures now, though I'm talking to you about them. But I can recall every picture by Watts that I've ever seen. There was a strangeness about them: sometimes one couldn't make them out at first, but it's impossible to forget them. They rather made you feel as if you were in church, and didn't want to speak out loud. The first place I ever saw them was on that staircase in the South Kensington Museum. Do you remember the 'Love and Life' on that wall? Do you remember the portrait of Tennyson?"

I have to give the words from memory, but my recollection of the young man's impressions is clear and decided. During years of absence in the wilds I too found out the force of that "shaping power of imagination." Other pictures faded, but my mind never lost hold of those ideal forms, of "Life" toiling up the steep and stony ways of the world; of "Time," ever strong and young, marching irresistibly, carrying his scythe like a sceptre; of "Endymion" sleeping encircled in the lunar rainbow; last and least, of the little fisherman's "Luck," dropping his line into the blue and dancing waves.

The work of Watts always seemed out of place on the wall of an exhibition room; one wanted to be alone with a picture of his, safely shut up somewhere, in silence. But had he refused, as he often felt tempted, to exhibit his pictures, how much poorer we should almost all have been!

"It seems impossible that any real principle can be carried out in a modern exhibition," he wrote. "Mr. Burne-Jones is more than right in not exhibiting, and I shall follow his example in the case of all but my lighter productions. . . .

"The only thing the ordinary critic can really judge of in his hasty review is exhibition force, and this he naturally applauds, till the one great object of the modern exhibitor is to make his work telling among new frames and crude colors. This, however much praise may be justly given to force, is hardly the way to call out the higher qualities of the painter. . . . In olden times the picture was painted for a church or public building, to be constantly in view of the public, or, if painted for a king or a great noble, hung amidst surroundings which had their influence upon the artist. In each case the artist's best self was imparted into the work, consciously or unconsciously. Now, consciously or unconsciously, he feels that he is working for an immediate and transient effect, that his work will stand a peculiar competition, that it will be criticized, hastily at best, and will have, as far as the public is concerned, no future beyond the exhibition in which it appears."

During a certain spring in London,

two pictures were exhibited by different painters, and the subject was the same—"Sea-Horses." In one picture the sea-horses came prancing in-shore as a kind of fringe on the shallow waves of the beach; they were decked with a fantastic harness of shells, and appeared like things "suitable to ride or drive," awaiting the summer visitors' children. The painter was an artist of no mean fame, but—such was his idea of sea-horses.

In the other picture there was clear starlight, far out on a deep sea; the wind was driving the waves as a sheep-dog drives the flock, and over the highest wave rose the beautiful crests of the sea-horses, their wild manes flying in the foam; lonely, glorious spirits of the ocean, swifter than anything on land. The painter of these was Watts.

But it was not exhibition pictures that he really most wished to paint. In his youth his chief desire had been —like the greatest of the Italian masters—for fresco. He had painted a fresco upon the wall of an open *loggia* in the historic Villa Careggi, near Florence; and after his return from Italy in the year 1852, having seen the blank spaces on the walls of the great hall at Lincoln's Inn, he wrote to make this definite offer.

"I venture to make to the Benchers and students of Lincoln's Inn the following proposition, namely, if they will subscribe to defray the expense of the material, I will give designs and labor, and undertake to paint in fresco any part or the whole of the hall."

His offer was accepted, and the wall given to him was a space forty-five feet wide and forty feet high. "Justice—A Hemicycle of Law-Givers," was the name he gave to his great design upon this wall, upon which he worked for several succeeding years during the spring and summer vacations, though much interrupted by illness. In October 1859 he wrote to a friend:

"I have this day put the last touches in my fresco at Lincoln's Inn! I dare not call it finished, but it must go. I feel sad at giving it up, for now I cannot cheat myself any longer with the belief that I am going to improve it; alas! for the failure, as it is, for I shall never again have so fine a space. I don't mean to say that it is a disgraceful or a mean failure, but it is a failure; and the only consolation I have is in the very strong feeling I have that I can do much better."

In this spirit he viewed all his work, when complete; it was sadly inadequate in his eyes, but always an incentive to further effort. For long he cherished the hope of doing more work of the heroic kind in fresco; but eventually he was forced to conclude that it was a medium unsuitable to the climate and smoke-laden air of these islands, and he relinquished the idea. But it is interesting to see in this incident of the Lincoln's Inn fresco the kindred spirit in Watts and those old Venetian painters of whom Vasari tells, who asked of their city's rulers only a wall-space and some portion of the cost of their colors, and who often asked in vain. The life of Watts would indeed have been a congenial subject to old Vasari; and his very phrases occur to one's mind as exactly descriptive of the English painter, surely one of those "industriosi ed egregi spiriti" whom the Italian delighted to honor. "Molto più era sollecito che gli altri in tutte le sue azioni," says Vasari of one such, and the remark exactly fits a mind as ardent and as scrupulous as Watts'. But praise beyond his deserts was always painful to him; and he would have endured ill the unmeasured laudations of the Italian.

As it is, his life has been carefully and lovingly written by the person

who knew him best, and also best understood his work both in its aim and method. Mrs. Watts, after the twenty years of her companionship with the painter, and helped by her own artistic gifts and understanding, has produced a worthy biography in her "Annals of an Artist's Life." We have long ceased to think strict impartiality the chief virtue of a biographer, and are more inclined to agree with the poet that

"Naught blinds us less than admiration, friend!"

In the present instance the biographer has given everything possible from the letters and conversation of the painter himself, or of his friends, and has effaced herself as completely as was consistent with good sense. It is of course well known that in the painter's last home, which was at Compton near Guilford in Surrey, the Picture Gallery contains a rich collection of his works, both early and late; and this Gallery is by the kindness of Mrs. Watts open to the public on six days of the week. The curator of the Compton Gallery, Mr. Charles H. Thompson, working at the suggestion and with the advice of Mrs. Watts, after a long series of experiments in color-printing, has at last succeeded in producing what he calls "translations" from the pictures of Watts. They are color-prints of a marvellous quality, the colors used being those which were used by Watts himself, in each case applied to the copper-plate and printed in one impression. To experts in printing these must be of the highest interest, and to lovers of Watts a boon indeed; since for a price about equal to what a fashionable photographer would ask for a sitting a really exquisite reproduction in color of a great painting can be had. Especially beautiful are the translations of the "Eve" series, which in black and white would lose half their meaning. What would the figure of "Eve" be without the golden splendor of her hair? or the "Love Triumphant" without its deep-hued sunset glory? or the sweetness of "Hope" without the celestial blue of her raiment? Surely a picture without its color is but the shadow of itself, and Watts was more original in his coloring than in any other respect. His admirers were fond of comparing him with the Italians on this account, rather because of his unlikeness to his English contemporaries than for any distinct relationship to the great Italians. His coloring was poetical, mysterious, remarkably transparent and pure, with a symbolism of its own drawn from the colors of his mind, but perfectly comprehensible to an observer of the least intelligence. To preserve the purity of his coloring he took those "infinite pains" of which genius alone is capable.

This great man was of a singular simplicity and humility. He had the childlike spirit which is the great blessing of these elect souls, but also the clear sight and candor which belong to such as keep "the single eye and the sincere desire." He had no jealous wish to know—and we who love him need have none to find—his exact place in the roll of fame. He knew well his own kinship with the great spirits of the past, and with his serene smile would say—

"I am a very poor relation, but of the family."

Moira O'Neill.

Blackwood's Magazine.

"IS IT WORTH IT?"

The power to realize an unfamiliar and remote condition of things is given to few people. To do so involves an application of imagination to facts, and the projection of one's own power of thinking and feeling into the mind and circumstances of other people. Our present system of education develops the faculty for acquiring facts, but it discourages the imagination, by which alone any large use can be made of them. The news of a tragedy such as that which is at present occupying the thoughts of Englishmen, makes a direct demand upon the imagination. The known facts are extraordinarily bare. The ordinary man learns that a party of four explorers, none of whom he has ever seen, made a journey over a tract of earth unknown and uninhabited, in climatic conditions of which he has no experience, living physically in a manner in which he has never seen men living; that in the course of their journey these four men died of cold, hunger, and disease; that another party of men, their comrades, went months afterwards to search for them, found their dead bodies and, collecting their trifling possessions and the scraps of writing which were the sole apparent fruit of their mission, left them, in the frozen attitudes in which they died, to sleep forever in the white solitude of that stark and silent world. Microscopic black specks moving over a snow-white infinity, and then ceasing to move; another group of black specks moving towards them, pausing, moving away again, and vanishing—and that is all.

The man of little imagination takes the conventional cue and loudly applauds the performance. "Magnificent," he says, and feels his heart stirred and uplifted. The man of somewhat greater imagination, who dimly perceives something of the agony and trouble and bitter pain of those movements of the specks across the snow, being also honest with himself, cannot help wondering whether it was all worth while; whether all that grandly heroic endurance, all those marvellous powers of patience, of courage, of caution, of dash, of foresight, and minute organization, might not have been employed to some end that would have more clearly furthered the happiness or progress of the human race. It is quite impossible to estimate the exact moral value of such a story. We know what human beings are; we know how deeply a story like this stirs us, how it occupies the newspapers and talk of men for a week or more—and how soon it is forgotten. What is Franklin now but a name? What is any one of the great company that perished heroically with him? Not even a name. What is André, who sailed away in a balloon into the Northern sky, and was never seen or heard of again? Barely a name. Yet these men also sacrificed ease and comfort and life as we knew it, risked and gave life even as they knew it, for the sake of trying to do something that it was difficult to do. Was it worth it, and if so, in what way, and why was it worth it?

For once the man of no imagination who takes his cue from convention is right, and he who, because he imagines and understands far better the extent of the price paid, doubts the usefulness of it, is wrong. But that is where it becomes important to understand the nature of the service that these men have rendered to their country and race. We have heard a great deal about the splendid scientific results of this expedition; that the

collection of bits of rock, and specimens of soil, and records of temperature and pressures and wind forces that have been achieved will, when analyzed and sifted and applied to man's existing knowledge of natural phenomena, greatly increase his comprehension of his terrestrial environment, and advance his power to live in harmony with it. That may be. It is for scientists to judge. It is at best the utilitarian point of view; and I take leave to suggest that in estimating the human result of this story of effort and misery and death, it is an almost negligible factor. This is often called an utilitarian age; and so it is, in the sense that there is a great tendency to judge things by what are their practical, that is to say their material results. (And "material" is only a priggish way of expressing value in money.) Judged by such a standard, estimated in such a currency, Captain Scott's achievement breaks down altogether. It simply was not worth it. The cost of the expedition, and the cost to the nation of the disaster are, I understand, an extravagant money price to pay for the scientific knowledge which has been achieved. The money-making value of these discoveries is not enough to pay the interest on the capital expended. Therefore, by this particular standard, both lives and money were spent in vain.

Of course I have put it in this way in order to show how very plainly an event like this proves the worthlessness and untruth of the utilitarian standard. For there is no question that the world thinks the life of Captain Scott and his three comrades well lost, lost in a worthy and glorious cause. Not in the cause of science, not in the cause of material advancement, but in the cause of courage and heroism. Of course it was not self-conscious heroism. Captain Scott was not out for glory by any means. He did not want applause or honors. His purpose was a most sternly practical one, and he made it plain even in his last message that the scientific results of his expedition occupied the first place in his mind. And thus, by a curious paradox, it is in the pursuit of the sternly material and practical that the most splendid efflorescence of the spirit is seen. There are certain virtues, which, like happiness, we can never overtake if we pursue them, but we may meet them on the way. It is not the deaths that are valuable, but the lives that preceded them; yet, but for such deaths, we should not learn the lesson of such lives. These lives and deaths have refreshed and renewed the credit of the whole human race for a little—a credit which is always being damaged and lowered by the grovelling and cowardly lives that so many of us live, and which periodically, when it sags too low, must be lifted out of the mud by heroes like these. And in our praise of the dead we should not forget the living, just because Death happens not to have thrown his flashlight on their deeds. The achievement of Lieutenant Campbell and his party, who lived for eight months of Arctic night, in a shelter of snow and seaweed, on seal flesh and blubber, ranks with the supreme instances that have been recorded of human endurance and ability to survive the most adverse conditions.

There can be only one answer to the utilitarian question "Is it worth it?" It is a thousand times worth it.

Filson Young.

The Saturday Review.

WHILE I WAIT.

I am waiting, and have been waiting for the last two hours, for my telephone bell to ring. A friend has promised to ring me up between five o'clock in the afternoon and dinner-time to give me news in a matter which concerns me nearly and acutely. I cannot fix my mind on a book and am weary with walking up and down my little room. And I feel that if my brain stays entirely idle (but for the anxiety which is to be resolved by the telephone) something weird will happen to me. I may as well busy myself with words and try to philosophize somewhat on paper. . . . It is of no use for me to ring up my friend. I am to be told as soon as the matter is decided. I have only to wait.

Only to wait! I have written already about the tortures of waiting and would not cheat any rare reader of my books by repeating myself. It was many years ago, however, and I do not observe that my world has taken to heart what I said. Causeless waiting still goes on, waiting, that is to say, which a little care or thought or kindness or imagination in the person who inflicts it might have spared the sufferer. I speak, you understand, of anxious waiting, waiting for a thing one desires greatly to do or to know, for a person one desires greatly to see, waiting which tries the nerves and troubles the heart. I speak also (but this is altogether secondary) of uncomfortable waiting, in public places or the like. It is stupid that we should have to bear even that, when it is avoidable, for it irritates and makes us less agreeable company—I am still unable easily to forgive a person who makes me wait alone in a restaurant—but a short, bracing quarrel will restore one's equanimity on those occasions, and as for waiting in a comfortable room with somebody to talk to for some slightly late arrival at dinner—the sort of waiting fussy people make such a coil of—my iron nerves and benevolent nature carry me through it triumphantly. But oh! that anxious waiting, for vital news, for somebody who may not come at all—he is a stock or a stone or dangerously blest in life who has not felt, at some time or other, the searing and souring of it, and heaven help the wretch on whom it is light-heartedly inflicted. Let him pray that imagination, not humanity, may be at fault—but it is an ill alternative.

My present case, however, is free from bitterness against persons, and I profess honestly that I could bear this really unavoidable waiting with an even mind and resolutely fix my thoughts on something else but for one element in it. That element is this ugly instrument on my table, this thrice accursed invention, the telephone.

Far be it from me to depreciate the marvels of science. I feel for them all the reverence—the terror, rather—of the incurably ignorant. When one thinks of it, really it is curious that I and many other thousands, my contemporaries, fairly intelligent, supposedly well educated (and of a surety expensively so) should be so completely lacking in knowledge of all that distinguishes our civilization. I have often thought in what a hole I should find myself were I wrecked on an island of inquisitive savages. "Explain to us," they would say, "how your wonderful telegraph works," and I, after much thought: "Well, you put up long poles at intervals with wires stretched from one to the other. . . ." "The telephone?" "Oh, a man comes and makes holes in the wall. . . ." Then they would kill me. The late Samuel Butler thought that machinery

would in the end enslave mankind and was for destroying it utterly. I suppose the real men of science would not mind if it were destroyed, for they are always angry with me when I praise inventions, scouting the idea that science is concerned with the useful, explaining that these things are but toys and by-products, insisting that all *they* care for is the contemplation of the beauty of relations, or of curves or something—I am never quite clear. For my part I would keep the safety razor, which I do believe has contributed to human happiness. As to the eventual benefit of the other inventions I have an open mind, but I think they ought not to be thrust on us until they are quite ready, as it were. We should have waited for the motor-omnibus until it was (as I am told it is to be) noiseless, and for the telephone until Mr. Samuel had trained clerks of sufficient intelligence and carefulness to work it properly. Then perhaps . . .

For that is how the telephone has increased the tortures of waiting: you do not know but that the waiting might not be over if some fiend or fool in the exchange had done the right thing. A telegram or a letter properly addressed arrives in certain course; if it comes not a thousand to one it has not been sent. But some one may be doing his best to send a vital message by the telephone and be failing. I am extremely anxious, but if I were waiting for a note to be brought by a messenger I thnk I could read a book with patience till it came. It is the additional uncertainty introduced by the mechanical medium that defeats me. Moreover my telephone is merely an "extension" of one in common use in the house where I lodge, so that the line may be really engaged when my friend tries it. It is, of course, the fault of my poverty and not of the telephone that I have not one all to myself, but if the wretched thing had never been invented . . . O for the pre-telephone days! It may have been more trouble to write a note, though as it is one often has to write after unavailing shouts and mistakes and confusions, but O for the certainty gone forever!

Another feature of the telephone which makes it harder to wait anxiously with calm nerves is that my anxiety is to be resolved, not by a quiet person entering with a note, but by a sharp horrid noisy bell a yard from my chair. My heart is to be made to jump violently. . . It *has* jumped; the bell has rung; and the cause was an unexpected voice giving an undesired invitation; I have made an enemy by the abruptness of my refusal. Probably that was the very moment chosen by my friend to send the message. Thrice-accursed, did I say? I wish I could print what I said to the telephone just now.

Yet another grievance is the menacing ugliness of the brute. The orifice into which one actually speaks always *looks* to me as if it would suddenly shout something irrelevant or unintelligible at me. There the thing stands on my writing-table—there was no other place for it—reminding me insistently of the mechanical age which may have, very likely, its romance and poetry, but with which I seem to have been born unfitted to cope. Yet I was forced to have it, since my friends are forgetting how to write because of it.

Yes, it has rung at last and I know what I wished to know. My friend had tried twice before, the first time more than an hour ago, so that . . . In happier days I should have sent a note asking for the news and told the messenger to wait for an answer, and half my distress of nerves and all this article would have been spared me and you, kind reader.

G. S. Street.

AMERICA AND THE INCOME TAX.

The final ratification of the income tax amendment to the American Constitution is an event of real note and importance. There are three prescribed ways in which the Constitution of the United States may be amended, but of these only one has ever been followed. Congress, by a two-thirds vote in each House, prepares and proposes the required amendments; but they do not take effect, they cannot be incorporated in the organic law of the land, until ratified by the Legislatures of three-fourths of the States. This is a tedious process at best, even when there is absolute unanimity as to the scope and object of the alteration needed. But when no such unanimity exists, when, on the contrary, the question at issue is both a political and a party issue, changing the American Constitution is an enterprise so beset with difficulties that it had almost come to be regarded as impossible.

Since the beginning of the nineteenth century the Americans have altered their fundamental law five times only. The first time was in 1804, when an amendment was adopted settling some disputed points in the method of electing the President and Vice-President. The next three occasions occurred in the 'sixties, when the Thirteenth, Fourteenth, and Fifteenth Amendments, registering the results of the Civil War, were added to the Constitution without either the assent or participation of the seceding Southern States. Finally, there has been secured the necessary majority of three-fourths of the States in favor of an amendment empowering Congress to levy an income tax without regard to the population of the several States. It will thus be seen that in the past hundred and ten years the American Constitution, until last month, had been amended once in a purely technical detail that involved no question of principle, and three times as the consequence of a terrible convulsion. The adoption of the income tax amendment may, therefore, be said to be the only instance in the course of over a century in which the Constitution of the United States has been altered in any matter of real moment, under normal circumstances, and in accordance with the methods laid down by its framers. It has, of course, been changed in spirit, if not in form, by judicial interpretation, and the slow and subtle growth of custom. Americans, indeed, have more than once bent their organic act of government in order to avoid the necessity of breaking it; with the result that they are to-day living under an unwritten as well as a written Constitution. But this is the first time that the Constitution has been amended in any vital particular without the shock of civil war, in the past eleven decades; and the first time in over four decades that it has been amended at all.

Nothing illustrates better the tyranny of the dead hand in the United States than the history of the income tax. The Constitution laid it down that no capitation or other direct tax should be imposed except by apportioning its incidence among the several States on the basis of their population. No more effective barrier to any sane system of taxation could possibly have been devised. One has only to stop and consider the utter confusion that would ensue were the burden of direct taxation in Great Britain to be distributed among the counties in proportion to their in-

habitants to feel sure that the main intention of this Constitutional provision was not merely to protect the people of the smaller States, but to force the United States Government to depend for its revenue upon indirect taxes. Such at any rate has been its effect. Legal ingenuity, however, can get round anything. The Supreme Court decided as long ago as 1789 that an income tax was not a direct tax, and need not therefore be apportioned among the States. During the Civil War, though not, curiously enough, until every other source of taxable wealth had pretty well run dry, an income tax was actually imposed by three separate Acts of Congress, the Act of 1864 levying a tax of 5 per cent. on all incomes between £120 and £1,000, and of 10 per cent. on all incomes above £1,000. The tax continued to be collected up to 1872, when it was repealed, and it is a remarkable proof of the American skill in evasion that when the limit of exemption was fixed at £200, only some 250,000 people out of a total of 37,000,000 acknowledged the receipt of taxable incomes. Mr. Gladstone's dictum that an income tax made a nation of liars, and that nothing does more to demoralize and corrupt the people, could certainly not be challenged by an appeal to American experience.

The constitutional character of the tax, when levied without apportionment among the component States of the Union, was once more fully argued out in the Supreme Court which in 1880 reaffirmed its decision of 1789 that a tax on incomes was not a direct tax. Some fifteen years later, however, the question emerged again, and in a crucial form. The Democrats came into power in 1893, and proceeded to reduce the Tariff, relying upon a tax of 2 per cent. on all incomes of over £800 to make good the expected loss of revenue. The Supreme Court in 1895 shattered all their fiscal plans and policies by pronouncing the income tax to be a direct tax, and therefore incapable of being levied, except in strict proportion to the population of the various States, and therefore, in effect, incapable of being levied at all.

That decision, in all its absurdity, has stood ever since, a monstrous example of the folly of allowing a Court from which there is no appeal to determine the validity of a legislative enactment. Its consequences were to deny to the United States Government the right to tax incomes, to restrict it still further to customs duties as virtually its sole source of revenue, to deprive it of a power that might one day be vital to the safety of the Union, and to exhibit it in a condition of feebleness that was altogether incompatible with any rational conception of a sovereign State. It is true that the Supreme Court has changed not only its *personnel* but its spirit, and its whole attitude towards questions of public policy, since 1895. It has more and more allowed the influence of the age and the necessities of the times and the clear demands of social and economic justice to moderate its decisions; and had the question of an income tax been brought before it any time in the last five years it would probably have reversed its judgment of 1895. But Mr. Taft was undoubtedly right when he urged in 1909 that the risk of another adverse decision was too great to be run, and that the safer course was to proceed by way of an amendment to the Constitution.

A great obstacle has thus been cleared from the path of the Democrats. To-day, as twenty years ago, the crucial question that confronts them is the downward revision of the tariff. It can only be effectively ac-

complished if they possess and can exercise the power to offset the almost inevitable decline in revenue by the imposition of a tax on incomes. The ratification of the Amendment gives them this power, and they will not be slow to wield it. It is true that they will still be embarrassed by the dual sovereignty that permeates the American form of government. One of the essential principles of the American Constitution is that the Federal Government cannot tax the agencies and instrumentalities of a State Government, nor a State Government tax the agencies and instrumentalities of the Federal Government. Congress, in other words, in spite of the adoption of the income-tax amendment, cannot tax incomes derived from investments in State or Municipal bonds, any more than a State could levy on the salary of a Federal office-holder; and it may prove a matter of considerable difficulty and delay to draw the exact line between the taxing prerogatives enjoyed by the two authorities. It is true also that the Democrats betray little real scientific knowledge of the form an income-tax should take. They baldly propose to exact a uniform percentage on all incomes of over £1,000. The principles of graduation, the distinction between earned and unearned income, the rebates that ought to be allowed, the methods of calculation and assessment—on all such points their minds at present appear to be a blank. Enlightenment, no doubt, will come with experience. The great thing is that Congress should at last be in a position to utilize as equitable a system of taxation as any that has yet been devised.

The Nation.

JEALOUSY, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Jealousy is an animal passion, but the jealousy of animals is very human. It is a quality which in animals it is impossible not to like. A dog's jealousy almost always draws forth his master's sympathy. It means affection. The present writer has known dogs, or perhaps to speak more correctly, one dog, who demonstrates no affection except through the medium of jealousy. The dog is a little dog, stout, middle-aged, comfort-loving, and self-possessed. It might be said of him that he has only one fault, for he neither bites, fights, steals, nor wanders. It might also be said that that one fault is the sole embellishment of an otherwise neutral and unremarkable character. If he were not jealous his friends would not know that he cares for them at all. Caresses he receives as his due and with complete indifference. From children he actually resents them, and shows his displeasure by wriggling violently and trying to shake them off. Should his owner leave home he never flatters her by showing the apprehensive anxiety which wears the spirit of so many dogs; neither does her return throw him into any undignified ecstacy. The only thing which really seems to touch him is the sight of kindness bestowed by his human friends upon other animals. His jealousy is of no low or material nature. He can doze by the fire undisturbed while others eat. Be it dog or cat it can dine unhindered. His own dinner, he realizes, is sure to come, and judging calmly in the light of his relative importance he thinks it will be a better one. But to see another pet enjoying the blandishments of human beings instantly renders him uneasy. He will spring up from the soundest sleep and glare at

the recipient of these favors, and if there is not an immediate cessation of amicabilities he will hurl himself upon the object of his jealousy with the fury of a fiend. Outdoors or in he cannot contain himself. Fear has no meaning for him when once his jealousy is roused. He who is ordinarily so careful of his little skin would attack a lion. He has been seen to pull a tuft of hair out of the heel of a loose cart-horse whose nose his mistress, imagining herself unseen, had ventured to stroke. He does not care to live at the price of watching kindnesses bestowed upon his fellow creatures. On the other hand, he does not care how much children are petted in his presence. He dislikes children, but not actively; if anyone has a fancy for them, he or she is welcome to display it for all he cares. Animals a little lower down the scale exhibit a different kind of jealousy. A pony whose disposition is in many points analogous to that of the dog described can well endure to see his stable companion made much of. On the other hand, should this companion come in late in the evening and require a supper before he settles down for the night, the pony would do his best to kick the stable to pieces if not allowed to share in the midnight meal.

These two types of jealousy are the most frequent types to be seen among human beings—plain material envy on the one hand and immaterial covetousness upon the other. There is a third type of jealousy which only exists among human beings, *i.e.*, wholesale jealousy, the spirit which grudges. Where jealousy concerns the affections it is undoubtedly seen at its best. It is an essential part of passion, and, even apart from passion, we might say that a man or woman incapable of jealousy was incapable also of love. But jealousy in its more paltry forms has little to do with the affections in any serious sense. It is no doubt a seed of the devil's sowing, but it is more or less obnoxious, according to the soil in which it takes root. Jealousy is often found in very good soil indeed. The quality of jealousy in an otherwise good character is not a very disagreeable one. There are certain very worthy people who always like their unlucky friends the best. They are unhappy and critical in the society of those whom fortune has favored. Instinctively their friends turn to them in misfortune, but do not ask for their congratulations when they have good news. It is disappointment which has made them jealous. They are not thoroughly embittered. They can still sympathize, but only in one direction. Now and then the fault of jealousy in a good character upsets the moral equilibrium very little indeed. Its worst effect is upon the judgment, which is biassed against certain people—often the bias is no more than intellectual, and comes of that longing for intellectual recognition which oppresses some people during their whole life. Jealousy takes a very strong hold upon young minds, and is the fault which most often destroys family affection. Brothers and sisters become jealous of one another, and the feeling embitters their relation to one another without separating them. Intimacy remains, but affection dies. Towards the friends men make in later life they seldom feel jealous. Ambition fades away fairly early with the great majority of people—it is only in those whose ambition it is to be conspicuous that jealousy never dies.

Some men and some women are jealous even of pity. They are never happy while the attention of their immediate circle is turned to someone in distress. They grudge the consolations offered to those in trouble, and seem almost as though they en-

vied the distress which calls them forth. Women are said to suffer more from jealousy than men do. We wonder if this is true. They are less tempted to jealousy than men are—outside the question of affection. As a rule they do not have to make their way in the world. No one hinders them in their daily work. They have not been spurred from their childhood up to emulation. When they are jealous, their jealousy is an inborn quality. Perhaps women are more given up to small jealousy than men are. They are jealous of individuals and jealous of little things. They are far more anxious to please socially than men, and therefore more envious of every form of charm. A man is seldom jealous of another man's popularity, but women are very jealous of the popularity of other women. Again, if we come to the jealousy which plays round the most intimate affections, women live in those affections so much more exclusively than men do that it is inevitable that they should greatly fear the slightest menace to their safety.

Some time ago we should have said that women's jealousy might nearly all be called retail jealousy. It concerned individuals, and had little to do with those impersonal grudges which distort occasionally the characters of the opposite sex. That fearfully unjust passion called class hatred has little place in the hearts of women. They like money and what money brings even better than men like it. The sight of those who have it fills them with desire to possess the like, but it is a desire not incompatible with goodwill. They seldom feel abstract hatred; moreover, the foible of snobbishness often saves them from the sin of envy. Lately, however, there has flared up among women a sort of sex jealousy—a strange grudging of the privileges of men, whose origin and consequences it is impossible at present to guess at. But if they do not show class hatred in the ordinary sense of the word, they cannot, perhaps, be entirely exonerated from that retrospective jealousy which seems to take hold of a good many malevolent minds of both sexes when they contemplate improved conditions. This jealousy is a sort of wholesale grudge, not one bit better, indeed perhaps worse, than the class hatred which it resembles. If it is a sin for the unfortunate to hate the fortunate, it is ten times worse when the hatred is the other way round. "When we were young we did not have this, that, and the other comfort or pleasure," we hear people say; and far from being glad that the rising generation is happier than they were, they are jealous. "When we were young the poor were thankful to eat this, that, or the other disagreeable food; to get such and such an insufficient wage, or to live in this or that uncomfortable manner," they declare. They are not glad that the poor are better off. The hostile spirit of retrospective jealousy makes them regret the worse times. They hate to see lots made more even. If conditions are made better for one class, they ought in their opinion to be made better in another, so that the old proportions may be maintained, and the happiness which is derivable from a sense of contrast be not impaired. This is the temper which keeps the clock back. Retail jealousy is often a paltry failing, sometimes a despicable fault; but wholesale jealousy is a grim vice, able to destroy alike the character of the individual and the State.

The Spectator.

ADRIANOPLE.

There falls perpetual snow upon a broken plain,
  And through the twilight filled with flakes, the white earth
    joins the sky;
Grim as a famished, wounded wolf, his lean neck in a chain,
  The Turk stands up to die.

Intrigues within, intrigues without, no man to trust,
  He feeds street-dogs that starve with him; to friends who
    are his foe,
To Greeks and Bulgars in his lines, he flings a soddened
    crust,—
  The Turk who has to go.

By infamous, unbridled tongues and dumb deceit,
  Through pulpits and the Stock Exchange the Balkans do
    their work,
The preacher in the chapel and the hawker in the street
  Feed on the dying Turk.

The Turk worked in the vineyard; others drank the wine,
  The Jew who sold him plough-shares, kept an interest in
    his plough.
The Serb and Bulgar waited till King and Priest should sign,
  Till Kings said: Kill—kill now.

So while the twilight falls upon the twice betrayed,
  The "Daily Mail" tells England and the "Daily News" tells
    God,
That God and British statesmen should make the Turks
    afraid,—
  Who fight unfed, unshod.

"B. K."

The Saturday Review.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS

Perhaps it is merely because we have grown so accustomed to buying our books already colored, so to speak, with some shade or other of the poetry of life that the plain black and white sketch of life in a small Maryland town which Edith Barnard Delano offers us in "Zebedee V" seems uninteresting. It bears marks of having been written by someone who liked, and perhaps even respected, the people it depicts; and possibly it was planned to give the reader a chance to use his own neglected box of paints. But it is unfortunately more suggestive of one of the more decorous of those series

of amusing incidents in black and white, whose daily recurrence must discourage the most ardent colorists. Lovers of dialect will admire the book's phonographic accuracy. Small, Maynard & Co.

Will Allen Dromgoole's "The Island of Beautiful Things" is a new reading of the French novel à trois, and, indeed, it would be good to see the grimace of any Frenchman who might hear that phrase applied to it and read it. The hero is a man who, returning home from California after an absence of seven years, falls almost immediately under the domination of a tiny, golden curled boy, speaking beautiful baby English, but quite certain that he is a man, a first-class fighting man, a Fuzzy-Muzzy made in the likeness of Mr. Kipling's "the finest of the lot." There is no need of wasting pity upon the returned wanderer, for he enjoys his bondage hugely, and the love of the big man and the little boy makes charming word-pictures. The man allows the boy to lead him straight to the feet of a beautiful girl dowered with rare insight and wonderful aptitude for child-love, and for the love of love, and he wooes her to go with him to the wonderful "Island of Beautiful Things," the island to which only love can find out the way. The single pause in the serenely flowing prettiness of the tale comes when the man encounters his early love, and has a greater surprise than fell upon Arthur Clennam when the married Flora dawned upon his romantic vision, but the shock only serves to crystalize and perfect his passion and the two love-letters which really end the story are exquisite. The closing chapter happily disperses one's fears that Fuzzy is going to die in the bad old fashion for angelic story-book boys, and the shrewd but never malicious reflections which diversify the tale are in the author's best manner. L. C. Page and Co.

"The Milk Question" by M. J. Rosenau, Professor of Preventive Medicine and Hygiene at the Harvard Medical School, is an important contribution to the discussion of one of the burning questions of modern life. The book is the result of close personal investigation, and is written with a fulness of information and a fairness of temper which give it exceptional value. The subject is treated in all its aspects: the place of milk as a food, the causes which produce dirty milk and the diseases which are caused by it, the processes which ensure clean milk, the effect of pasteurization, the close relation between impure milk and infant mortality, and the dangers which beset the milk-supply from the farmer to the consumer,—all these phases of the problem are fully discussed and wise counsel is given both to the milk producer and the milk consumer. There could be no better service to the dairy-farmer and the city consumer than the extensive circulation and general reading of this volume. The book could scarcely be better epitomized than in a page cartoon which shows the sixty-mile tube through which 70 per cent of city babies get their milk,—a tube which may have a diseased cow at the country end, and which is open at many places to possible pollution and over-heating, and which, after passing through all the perils of careless handling, transportation by car and by wagon, and bottling and re-bottling, reaches at last the helpless baby, to whom it is given without question by the uninformed nurse or mother. Free from exaggeration, and full of information, the book should arouse and enlighten public opinion on this vitally-important subject. Houghton Mifflin Co.